

The Formidable Son-In-Law: The Charismatic Lucas Gray

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Raising A Request

Chapter 331: Raising A Request

The sudden slap dumbfounded William!

He thought that since Franco was here to create trouble, he would definitely state his requests before they negotiated the terms.

But the menacing-looking Franco opposite William didn't act according to what he had imagined at all and instead slapped him hard on the face without saying much.

Franco was in charge of running an entertainment joint that offered vice-related services, so he was definitely tough and strong. His slap immediately made one side of William's face redden and swell up. There was even an obvious cut at the corner of his lips, from which a stream of blood was flowing down. His entire head was buzzing.

"Who are you people? How dare you slap our general manager, Mr. Carter?!" The head of the security department, whom William had just promoted yesterday, hollered furiously when he saw William getting humiliated. He quickly led more than ten security guards over to surround Franco and his men.

Franco sneered. "Hah, you're just a bunch of small fries. What can you do to me?"

He gave an order to his burly underlings, who were blocking the entrances of the warehouse, and all of a sudden, more than ten of them charged over aggressively, each holding a steel rod more than half a meter long. Without hesitation, they began hitting the security guards that William had brought over.

"Damn it! Watch what you're saying when speaking to Mr. Franco!"

"How dare a bunch of idiotic security guards clamor about noisily?!"

They were all gangsters adept at fighting and had stained their hands with blood countless times before. How could these ordinary security guards be a match for them?

Moreover, they were all holding steel rods and obviously trying to establish dominance in front of William and the security guards. So Franco's underlings viciously and ruthlessly struck the security guards on their legs, elbows, backs, and abdomens.

"Ah!"

"Stop... Stop hitting me! Ah!"

"My leg!"

Shrieks suddenly started resounding at the warehouse together with the hair-raising sounds of iron rods striking against bones and flesh.

William shivered uncontrollably as he stared wide-eyed at this chilling scene.

They were all just ordinary employees of the company!

"Stop! Stop hitting them! What do you want? Just tell me what you want! Why do you have to hit these ordinary people?!" William hollered at Franco, suppressing the fear within him.

"Damn it! How many times have I told you that I want to speak to Adrian Hill? Are you f*cking deaf?" Franco narrowed his eyes and kicked William in the chest, sending him flying far away. His dark gray suit was instantly covered in mud and dust, making him look extremely disheveled.

William clutched his ribs in pain and struggled to prop himself up from the ground. As he did so, a few people took advantage of the situation to kick him a few more times.

"Okay, I'll call Adrian Hill and ask him to come over right now. Tell your men to stop hitting them! If this goes on, things will get out of hand!" William exclaimed anxiously while trying to bear with the pain and hurriedly pulled out his phone.

Franco looked at the security guards huddling on the ground while wailing endlessly in pain. He raised his hand reluctantly and gestured for his underlings to stop for the time being.

"Mr. Carter, something terrible has happened!" Louis, the secretary, was pale as a sheet as he whispered to William. "They've blocked the entrances and exits of the warehouse, so we can't load and unload the goods! We're going to incur immense losses today! Moreover, there's a large delivery order belonging to a very important client that we have to fulfill by this afternoon! Once there's a breach of contract, we'll have to compensate millions of dollars!"

"And these people are too difficult to handle. They're definitely not ordinary people. What should we do now?"

Of course, William was aware of the major consequences that would entail, which was why he had personally come to the warehouse to deal with it. Unfortunately, Franco wasn't compromising at all.

Besides, although William had purposely brought a group of security guards with him to prevent such situations, the security guards were obviously helpless in the face of Franco's underlings. As a result, they ended up getting beaten up badly and had probably sustained severe injuries.

William wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand, looked at the security guards who had been beaten up beyond recognition, and then turned to look at the burly men still standing in front of the entrances and exits of the warehouse to block them. He had no choice but to obey Franco's instructions and call Adrian.

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The phone rang for a long time before Adrian finally picked up.

He snapped impatiently with annoyance, "Who's calling? Do you know how early it is? You're disturbing me from sleeping! Don't you have any manners?"

"Adrian Hill, it's me, William Carter."

"Oh, I thought it was some scoundrel disturbing me. Turns out it's our most impressive Mr. Carter! You're a noble figure high above us plebeians and enjoy the great support of the chairman. Aren't you afraid of lowering yourself by speaking to someone like me?" Adrian said sarcastically.

William could hear the sounds of vehicle engines roaring coming from the other end, so he knew that Adrian was clearly outside. Yet he pretended that call had just woken him up. But of course, it wasn't the time to pursue this matter now.

"I'm calling you because there's something important. Someone wants to have a chat with you in the large warehouse by the harbor on the outskirts of Orange County. Please make a trip here."

If possible, William wouldn't have called Adrian at all.

At the beginning, he wasn't sure if Franco was here to look for Adrian or not, nor was he certain if Franco wanted to take revenge on him or for some other reason. After Franco and his underlings resorted to violence, William ruled out the fact that it could have been a personal grudge.

After all, these people were powerful and skilled in fighting, and they had obviously been gangsters for a long time. If they merely wanted to seek revenge on Adrian, they

could have gone straight to Adrian's home instead of blocking the entrances of the company's warehouse despite knowing that he had already been fired. Besides, they definitely had plenty of ways to find Adrian's address, and there was no need for them to threaten William into calling Adrian over.

It was especially suspicious because Adrian had just been fired yesterday, and yet there were gangsters here to cause trouble today while insisting on having Adrian settle the matter.

William wasn't a fool, so he could naturally tell that there was something fishy about this.

Adrian said mockingly, "Haha, Mr. Carter, is your brain damaged? Or have you developed senile dementia at such a young age? I remember that you kicked me out of the company just yesterday, and now you're asking me to go to that lousy warehouse? What for? Who do you take me for?"

William gritted his teeth. "As long as you come over now and help solve this matter, I can rescind my orders and let you return to the company!"

That's probably Adrian Hill's agenda, right? William wondered. But in order to resolve the current issue, he had no choice but to promise to let Adrian return to the company temporarily.

To his surprise, Adrian chuckled and giped, "Hah, you want me to go back and continue being the deputy general manager who still has to take orders from you? No way!"

"What else do you want then?" William asked with his jaw clenched.

"I want to be the general manager! I want you to resign from your job and recommend me to the chairman to be the general manager!" Adrian immediately stated the condition that he had thought of long ago.

Chapter 332: My Turf

"That's impossible!" William refused immediately. "The chairman isn't going to listen to my orders. I can't do this."

Adrian was immediately going to use Franco as a threat, but he changed his mind when he suddenly thought of something.

"Okay then. I can make do with being the deputy general manager for now, but you have to pick me up in your car and ferry me there personally to prove your sincerity." Adrian made another request in a leisurely manner.

William took a deep breath. "Where are you? I'll go pick you up now."

"Palm View Estate. Call me again when you're here!" With that, Adrian hung up right away.

William held his phone with a sullen expression and then turned around to say to Franco, "I've already contacted Adrian Hill, and I'm going to pick him up now. Can you..."

"Get lost!" Franco hollered to interrupt William.

"Get the man here before you talk to me. Now get lost immediately!" Then Franco once again kicked William, causing him to fall to the ground. This time, the skin of his palm was scraped.

William was covered in mud and dirt, and his face and hands were stained with fresh blood. He looked extremely disheveled.

Seeing Franco refusing to compromise, William had no choice but to turn around immediately and go pick up Adrian.

He drove quickly so that he could bring Adrian to the warehouse and get the matter resolved as soon as possible, lest the company incurred major losses.

Unfortunately, even if William drove as quickly as he could and rushed to the entrance of Palm View Estate, he wouldn't get to see Adrian.

Because Adrian was actually sitting in a car right across the road from the large warehouse at this moment!

Not only had he seen everything that just happened, but he also felt particularly pleased when he saw William getting beaten up.

Only after making a fool out of William and forcing him into a state of desperation would he appear and see how William would beg him!

As Adrian thought about this, he restarted the car and drove to somewhere else.

At this time, Lucas had just sent Cheyenne to her office and dropped Amelia off at the kindergarten. He didn't have anything to do at the moment, so he thought of going to check on William and see if there were any more issues to handle at the branch office.

After he arrived at the Solar Corporation's Orange County branch office, he was told that there was a major issue at the large warehouse near the harbor on the outskirts of the county and that William had rushed over with his secretary and a group of security guards to handle the matter.

Lucas frowned slightly and wanted to give William a call to ask about the situation.

But William happened to be on a phone call with Adrian when Lucas tried to call him, so the call didn't get through. So Lucas decided to drive straight to the warehouse.

When Lucas arrived in his black Jaguar at the large warehouse, William's and Adrian's cars had just left one after another.

Lucas drove to a spot about a hundred meters away from the parking lot and acutely sensed that something was amiss.

Although it was his first time at the warehouse, he knew that Solar Corporation was a giant in the logistics industry, so there would definitely be numerous cargo trucks and busy workers at the warehouse at this time of day.

But there were now many vehicles at the entrance of the warehouse while the uniformed workers were crowding together in a spot far from the entrance, all looking terrified and panic-stricken.

Lucas drove his car a little closer, only to see more than ten roguish-looking and brawny men surrounding the entrance of the warehouse, as well as a burly man with a buzz cut and scars on his face sitting on a cargo box in front of the warehouse.

There were also twenty-odd security guards wearing the Solar Corporation's uniform lying on the ground around him!

Lucas's pupils abruptly constricted, and an icy cold gaze appeared in his eyes!

He had just learned from the staff at the office that William had gone to the warehouse to deal with an issue that had cropped up all of a sudden together with a bunch of security guards. Lucas reckoned that they should be the ones who were now lying on the ground.

Where's William?

What exactly happened here?

Lucas immediately got out of the car and did a quick scan of his surroundings. He didn't see William anywhere, but there happened to be someone standing nearby with anxiety all over his face. Lucas immediately recognized him. He went forward, grabbed his shoulder, and asked in a deep voice, "What exactly happened? Where is Mr. Carter?"

This person was none other than William's secretary, whom Lucas had met for the first time yesterday at the Solar Corporation's Orange County branch office.

Louis was incredibly worried about the situation, so when Lucas grabbed his shoulder all of a sudden, he was caught off guard and almost screamed on the spot.

After recognizing the person in front of him to be Lucas, he hurriedly patted his chest. He was surprised and overjoyed, as he felt he finally found a straw to clutch at. He hurriedly said to Lucas, "Mr. Gray! These people suddenly appeared at the entrance of the warehouse early this morning and blocked all the entrances and exits to stop our goods from being loaded and unloaded! Due to the severity of this matter, Mr. Carter and I immediately rushed here to deal with the situation, but the leader of the troublemakers was really aggressive and brutal. He refused to listen to us and even hit Mr. Carter!"

As soon as Lucas heard that William had taken a beating, his eyes were instantly brimming with terrifying hostility.

"Where is Mr. Carter?" Lucas immediately asked.

He was afraid that William had gotten into another mishap because he couldn't see him anywhere.

"The leader kept saying that he wanted Adrian Hill to come here before he would negotiate with us, so Mr. Carter had no choice but to call Adrian Hill. However, Adrian Hill insisted that Mr. Carter go pick him up personally, so... Mr. Carter just left in his car a few minutes ago after telling me to keep an eye on the situation here," Louis quickly explained.

"How are Mr. Carter's injuries? Who are the people causing trouble?" Lucas continued to ask.

Louis answered with a worried expression, "Mr. Carter was slapped and kicked twice by the burly leader. He appeared to be in a lot of pain. This person... seems to be called Charlie Franco, who's in charge of Snowflake Entertainment. He also works for the Taylors, and I heard that he's a tough nut to crack! The security guards of our company tried to protect Mr. Carter, but Franco's underlings beat all of them to the ground with iron rods. They should be heavily injured!"

Lucas glared at Franco coldly and sneered. "Hmph, you're just a lackey of the Taylors. How dare you cause trouble and assault others on my turf?!"

Lucas didn't keep his voice down, so his words spread far. Besides, he was now emitting a terrifying and cold aura, making Franco, who was sitting near him, immediately sense his murderous aura.

Franco instantly stood up from the cargo box and glowered at Lucas hostilely. He barked furiously, "Punk, do you have a death wish?!"

Chapter 333: Who Is Being Surrounded?

Louis was incredibly frightened by what Lucas said. When he saw Franco flying into a rage, he was so scared that he turned as pale as a sheet, and even his calves began trembling.

“Mr... Mr. Gray! Please don't be impulsive. They're not to be trifled with. Franco's underlings are violent and brutal, while Franco himself will beat anyone up. Furthermore, he's working for the Taylors. Even the security guards of our company were beaten up badly! You... You're alone, so you'd better be careful not to provoke him!”

Despite being absolutely terrified, Louis nevertheless inched close to Lucas and quickly whispered a reminder into his ear.

In Louis's opinion, Lucas was a young man who had been living in the lap of luxury and had never suffered any hardship. He was definitely too weak to withstand a single punch from Franco, just like him.

“Where did this punk come from? How dare you provoke Mr. Franco? Are you tired of living?”

“Punk, do you want to get punched by real men?”

Seeing that Franco was obviously enraged, his underlings could no longer contain their anger as they dashed forward from the entrance of the warehouse to surround Lucas. They had menacing expressions on their faces, and the shiny iron rods in their hands were emitting blinding rays of light under the sun.

Lucas sneered and stared at them coldly. “Who are you people to beat up the security guards of my company? I haven't looked for you yet, but you've brought yourselves to me for a beating, huh?”

These gangsters were stunned for a moment before immediately laughing loudly.

“Hahaha, it seems to be the other way around, punk!”

“This brat's really arrogant! Franco, let's teach him a lesson!”

“We hafta give this bastard a good beating and knock all his teeth out, just like the trash on the ground!”

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Franco had a sinister smile on his face. Almost everyone who had offended him ended up suffering, especially those like Lucas who had the guts to insult his men in front of him. Franco had killed the last person who dared to do this!

Franco raised his hand slightly and was about to signal his underlings to beat the living daylight out of Lucas and break his bones. But before he could issue the order, Lucas flashed and vanished almost immediately!

“Ahhhh!”

“Wuuahh!”

“Argh!”

Immediately afterward, incessant shrieks of misery filled the warehouse!

Franco’s face stiffened, and his eyeballs were about to fall out as he stared wide-eyed at the scene before him.

He saw Lucas’s figure dashing through his underlings quickly like a tornado. With every strike Lucas launched, the limbs of his underlings would break with loud crackling sounds, followed by the metallic sounds of the iron rods falling to the ground.

When Lucas appeared in front of everyone again, Franco and the others watching from afar were stunned to see that Lucas was the only one standing in the middle of the warehouse, while the twenty-odd burly underlings of Franco had already been knocked down to the ground. Their limbs were all broken, and they were wailing while rolling on the ground, seemingly in a much more miserable state than the security guards.

The entire process took only a few seconds!

In fact, before many of them could react, the siege had already ended!

Louis looked at everything in front of him with his eyes and mouth wide open. He couldn’t help rubbing his eyes hard.

Everything that happened in front of him just now resembled a scene from some exaggerated action movie. It seemed incredibly surreal to him!

What did I just see? The young chairman of our company, who finally made an appearance in front of everyone just yesterday, managed to defeat around twenty bulky and menacing men surrounding him within just seconds?

More than twenty people surrounded Mr. Gray at first, but it seems to be the other way around!

This is too fantastical!

Franco was astonished!

He was well aware of how competent and ruthless his men were. They were all brutal people who would never hesitate to stab anyone in the stomach and possessed excellent combat skills.

Yet despite being armed with thick iron rods, they still failed to last even a few seconds fighting against Lucas, and they even had their limbs broken!

This meant that Lucas had managed to break the limbs of at least four or five people every second! What terrifying speed!

He managed to effortlessly break the bones of humans like they were just straw!

Meanwhile, Lucas was standing still, completely unharmed. He wasn't breathing heavily at all, and his clothes were clean and spotless. This meant that Franco's underlings might have tried to attack Lucas but failed to even touch him!

What kind of a person is this? Who the hell is he?! A trace of fear, which Franco hadn't felt in a long time, suddenly surged in his heart.

"Punk, who exactly are you?" With a frown on his face, Franco asked in a deep voice that contained obvious traces of nervousness and scruples.

Lucas ignored his question and simply stared at him coldly, especially his muscular arms and strong legs.

"Which hand and leg did you use to slap and kick Mr. Carter just now?" Lucas asked indifferently.

Franco subconsciously felt some tension in his limbs, as he could tell that Lucas was obviously here to take revenge for William. His cheek muscles twitched, and he gritted his teeth. "What do you want?"

Lucas said indifferently, "If you choose to cripple one of your hands and one of your legs now, I'll consider letting you off for the time being. Otherwise, I guarantee that you will regret letting me do it for you!"

For several years now, Franco was used to being flattered and having others suck up to him. When he heard what Lucas said, he immediately flew into a rage and suddenly suppressed the fear within him.

"Damn it, how dare you say something like that to me? Do you really think my reputation is for nothing?"

Franco roared and ripped off his tank top to reveal the chiseled, defined, and extremely terrifying muscles of his upper body.

The workers watching from afar immediately gasped in shock.

Franco was scarily muscular, and his body was almost twice the width of Lucas's, which was tall and slim.

Franco not only had a few conspicuous scars on his face, but various hideous scars also covered his upper body. They were all of Franco's battle scars that he had accumulated over the years.

Facing Lucas, he flexed his bulging muscles and clenched his fists while hollering sinisterly, "Punk, don't think I'm afraid of you! Bring it on! I'll show you what I'm made of!"

Then he pounced at Lucas!

Chapter 334: The Dog You Raised

Franco's muscles naturally looked extremely terrifying in the eyes of ordinary people, who would be intimidated by them once he bared his body. But they were meaningless in the eyes of top combat experts like Lucas.

"Since you refuse to cripple your own limbs, I'll have to give you a hand!"

Lucas sneered and charged toward Franco like a bolt of lightning. Soon, he grabbed Franco's right wrist.

Franco's pupils constricted violently, and he subconsciously wanted to grab Lucas's neck with his left hand.

But when he raised his left hand a little, he felt an abrupt and excruciating pain in his right wrist!

Snap!

With a crisp sound of bones cracking, Lucas instantly broke his wrist!

"Ah! My wrist!" Franco shrieked miserably. Now that he was facing Lucas, he finally experienced extreme horror.

Beads of cold sweat emerged on his face as he hurriedly said, "I... I work for the Taylors! If you dare to touch me again..."

Snap!

Crack!

Snap!

Before Franco could even finish speaking, a series of the sounds of bones cracking rang out. Lucas had completely broken his other wrist and both ankles!

“Ah!” Franco let out an extremely sharp and painful shriek that didn’t sound like it came from a human. It almost resounded throughout the entire large warehouse.

Everyone couldn’t help shivering when they heard it, and they looked at Lucas with their eyes full of horror.

Most of Franco’s underlings had only one arm or leg broken by Lucas, but they were already rolling on the ground and wailing in pain. When they saw Franco rip his tank top off, they thought that he would teach Lucas a lesson.

But to their astonishment, Franco actually ended up in a state worse than theirs, as he had all four of his limbs broken and was rendered immobile!

Because Franco had slapped William and kicked him, Lucas decided to break all of Franco’s limbs. It was absolutely terrifying!

He was even more brutal than them!

All of a sudden, all the gangsters wailing on the ground immediately shut up, not daring to groan in pain anymore, fearing that they might provoke Lucas and end up being dealt with harshly.

If they had known there was such a terrifying man here, they would have never dared to hit those security guards!

At this time, Lucas could no longer be bothered to pay attention to them. He turned around and said to Louis, “Immediately get some people to send all the injured security guards to the hospital. In addition, quickly arrange for the workers to continue loading the goods and dispatching the cargo!”

Only then did Louis come back to his senses and realize that the matter had been resolved. He hurriedly nodded and ran off to make the arrangements.

Lucas glanced at Franco, who was lying on the ground motionlessly, and then made a call to someone.

The call was soon answered, and the person who answered it spoke in a tone of surprise. "Hello, Mr. Gray, are you suddenly calling me because you're planning to return the Ocean Bathhouse to me?"

The person who answered the call was naturally Preston Taylor.

The Ocean Bathhouse was the foundation that the Taylors had built their wealth on and the place where they ran an illegal social escort business. Thus, it was extremely important to the Taylors. But due to a freak combination of factors, Lucas had managed to acquire it.

Lucas originally intended to use the Ocean Bathhouse to strike a deal with Preston in exchange for the secret of the illegal business. Unfortunately, Preston didn't know much about it and couldn't satisfy Lucas's requests. So he had no choice but to wait until Preston managed to get into contact with the mysterious organization that supplied the beautiful women to the Taylors.

Preston had been stressed and incredibly worried during this period of time. While fearing that his family would find out about the Ocean Bathhouse being sold to someone else, he was also anxiously waiting for news from the mysterious organization. But there still hadn't been an outcome yet, so he was truly overwhelmed with anxiety.

Upon receiving a call from Lucas, the first thing that came to Preston's mind was that Lucas changed his mind and decided to return the Ocean Bathhouse to him!

But he was destined to be disappointed because the first thing Lucas said over the phone was, "Is Franco your lackey?"

Louis had told him just now that Franco was in charge of Snowflake Entertainment, which belonged to the Taylors. Previously, Preston had brought Lucas to Snowflake Entertainment to negotiate a deal and even tried to exchange Snowflake Entertainment for the Ocean Bathhouse.

Preston was stunned for a moment. But when he heard the hostility in Lucas's tone, he hurriedly said, "Yes, he... he does work for me. What's the matter? Did that idiot offend you?"

"Come to the Solar Corporation's warehouse on the outskirts of the county immediately!" Then Lucas hung up.

Holding onto his phone, Preston pondered about it and soon turned red with fury. He kicked the potted plant beside him and roared, "Charlie Franco, you bastard! You must have created trouble for me again!"

Preston was hopping mad. He was worried sick that Lucas wouldn't return the Ocean Bathhouse to him, so he had been trying his best to improve his relationship with Lucas. But he didn't expect Franco, his subordinate, to offend Lucas!

Furthermore, the fact that Lucas asked directly if Franco was his lackey just went to show that Franco had offended Lucas badly!

While cursing furiously in his head, Preston didn't dare to delay and hurriedly drove to the address of the warehouse that Lucas had given him.

Meanwhile, William was also driving very quickly, and he managed to reach the residential estate where Adrian claimed he was in just a little over ten minutes, though the journey would usually take more than twenty minutes.

William didn't know exactly which building Adrian lived in, so he could only call Adrian when he was at the entrance.

The phone rang for a long time before Adrian picked up. Trying his best to stay calm, William asked, "Adrian Hill, I've already reached the entrance of the residential estate you live in. Can you come out now?"

Adrian chuckled. "William Carter, you're too slow. I lost my patience while waiting for you and got really hungry, so I'm now eating at a restaurant outside the Ocean International Building! Drive here and pick me up immediately. Don't take too long, or you might miss me again!"

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With that, he hung up again.

William's face was extremely sullen.

He had already rushed over as quickly as he could, and he managed to arrive in less than twenty minutes. But the Ocean International Building where Adrian said he was at was more than ten kilometers away from where William was now, and it would definitely take him more than ten minutes to get there.

There were only two possibilities. One was that Adrian lied about being at home and had deliberately made William drive to his residence to pick him up. The other was that Adrian was likewise fooling him by claiming that he was having a meal at the Ocean International Building!

William felt extremely frustrated as he clenched his jaw. To confirm with Adrian his exact location, William called him again several times, but Adrian refused to pick up.

"Damn it!" Incredibly exasperated, William slammed his fist against the seat of his car!

Chapter 335: Deliberate Prank

However, he didn't have a choice now because he had to solve the problem at hand. Since the scar-faced Franco, who was creating trouble at the warehouse by blocking the entrances and exits, insisted on communicating with Adrian before he would budge, William had no choice but to find Adrian as soon as possible!

Otherwise, the company would incur major losses!

Left with no choice, William started the car again and quickly drove toward Ocean International Building, where Adrian claimed to be.

Meanwhile, Adrian was sitting comfortably in a café and enjoying his breakfast with coffee. Staring at his phone screen that kept lighting up because of William's incessant calls, he simply ignored the alerts and smirked in derision.

Of course, Adrian wasn't in Ocean International Building. But he was relishing in the thrill of watching William wrapped helplessly around his finger.

After nearly twenty minutes, Adrian finished the last sip of his coffee leisurely and finally answered the call. "Hello."

"Adrian Hill, I've arrived at the entrance of Ocean International Building." William was trying to curb his anger. "Are you coming down on your own, or do you want me to go up to look for you?"

Pretending to be shocked, Adrian exclaimed, "Ocean International Building, why did you end up there? I clearly told you that I'm at River Café! Mr. Carter, has your hearing deteriorated now that you're getting older? How could you have made such a ridiculous mistake?"

"Adrian Hill! I've had enough of you!" William could no longer stand it and hollered furiously. "Is it that fun to make a fool out of me? You wanted me to express my sincerity by picking you up. Fine, I complied and drove to several different places! Yet you've been lying to me all this while!"

The goods at the warehouse had to be dispatched urgently, and every minute wasted would cause the company to suffer increasingly heavy losses. William was panic-stricken and full of anxiousness. He obviously didn't have the time for such senseless games with Adrian.

"William Carter, is this the attitude you should have when you're asking someone for help? I'm warning you. If you dare to continue speaking like that, you can forget about asking me to go back and help you with the issue the company is facing!"

Adrian sneered, extremely certain that with Franco's pressure, William would definitely have no other option than to continue begging him.

William gritted his teeth, took a deep breath, and suppressed the burning fury within him. He asked, "What exactly do you want?"

"I've already told you that I'm at River Café. I'll give you ten minutes to come here. It's up to you!" With that, Adrian hung up again.

William took several deep breaths and finally curbed his anger. He then started his car again and drove to the café Adrian said he was at.

During the journey, William also thought about calling Lucas for help, but he soon dropped the idea.

The first reason for his decision was that he reckoned Franco and Adrian should be in cahoots to humiliate him and make him let Adrian return to the company. William felt that it was his responsibility to handle the matter, which he could resolve as long as he dealt with Adrian. If he kept asking Lucas for help with every problem he encountered, he would seem too incompetent.

Second, it was naturally because he knew that Franco and his underlings were too ruthless and violent. Even the ten-odd security guards William had brought to the warehouse with him were powerless and unable to do anything against them. He was afraid that he might put Lucas in danger by asking him to help him out at the warehouse.

So after much contemplation, William decided not to call Lucas and instead bit the bullet and sped off to the café.

William finally met Adrian at the café.

William wiped off the sweat on his forehead and said anxiously, "Adrian Hill, the situation at the warehouse has to be taken care of urgently. I'll fulfill the conditions you raised just now and let you resume as deputy general manager of the company. Please hurry up and come with me to the warehouse to settle things with that man!"

As William spoke, he reached his hand out to grab Adrian's arm to urge him to leave quickly.

But Adrian pushed William's hand away.

"There's no hurry." Adrian smirked. "William Carter, I told you before that what I want is not the position of deputy general manager, but general manager. Do you understand?"

With an extremely gloomy expression, William hollered, "I told you that that's impossible, and you've already agreed at the time too!"

Adrian raised his head and said obnoxiously, "Ah, yes, I did agree before, but things are different now because I've changed my mind again!"

"You!" William was so enraged that he began trembling while hating himself for trusting Adrian despite knowing that he was a vile, despicable person.

"You've already wasted so much time. If you can't make up your mind now, the company will definitely incur heavy losses! In particular, if you can't fulfill that especially important order by this afternoon and deliver the goods on time, the company will have to pay at least a few million dollars in liquidated damages. Am I right?"

Adrian was very confident because he had long known about this important order that the company had to fulfill, which was also the reason he chose to carry out his plan on this very day. He was putting great pressure on William.

"William Carter, you must think through this carefully. If you obey me and let me become the general manager, I guarantee that I can solve this matter satisfactorily. But if you insist on clinging to the position of general manager and refuse to step down, the company will have to incur losses of dozens or even hundreds of millions of dollars!

"When the time comes, you'll be a huge sinner of the company, and even the chairman won't forgive you. That person who let you join the company and gave you such a high position will definitely regret doing so and letting you bring about major losses for the company!"

Adrian's words were like sharp daggers piercing through William's heart, making him feel panicked, terrified, and uneasy. He even began to doubt himself and his capabilities.

Lucas was the person who had appointed him as the general manager of the company, and the only reason Lucas had given him this opportunity was that he was his father-in-law. But if he caused the company to suffer massive losses of hundreds of millions of dollars in just half a month, how could he face his daughter and son-in-law?

Thinking of the current crisis the company was facing and the massive losses that it might incur very soon, William closed his eyes tightly and said with great difficulty, "Fine. I promise you that I will step down and recommend to the board of directors to make you the general manager! However, you must come with me to the warehouse now and solve the problem immediately!"

Seeing that he had finally compelled William into agreeing to his demand, Adrian was overjoyed. He commanded, "Things could have been resolved easily if you had promised me sooner. What are you waiting for? Open the car door for me."

He was clearly already treating William as his chauffeur.

Despite feeling furious and frustrated, William had no choice but to open the back door of his car for Adrian before getting into the driver's seat and speeding all the way to the large warehouse on the outskirts of the county.

In the car, Adrian was grinning widely from ear to ear and happily sending a message to the chat group with the other six former senior executives.

"The matter has been settled. Everyone, gather at the entrance of the warehouse now!"

Soon, a series of replies appeared in the group.

"Alright!"

"You're really capable, Adrian. You got it settled so quickly!"

"Impressive! We can all finally go back to work at the company again!"

...

These six former executives were naturally the ones William had given the sack yesterday for choosing to take Adrian's side.

After each of them had given 60 grand to Adrian yesterday for hiring Franco, they had been waiting anxiously for updates on the progress of the matter. Now that Adrian relayed some good news to them in the group chat, they were finally relieved, and each excitedly drove to the warehouse.

At this point, they still didn't know that there had been a drastic twist of events in the warehouse, and what was awaiting them was definitely not the scene they wanted to see!

Chapter 336: Who's Inferior?

At this time, the injured security guards at the warehouse had already been conveyed to the hospital. And the movers had returned to their stations and started working in an orderly manner. They moved the boxes of goods to the forklifts and then to the cargo trucks at the entrance.

Before long, the goods of the important order were quickly loaded onto the trucks. After a final round of checks, the goods were dispatched.

Seeing the trucks gradually vanishing out of sight, Louis, who had been all tensed up, finally felt relieved. As long as they fulfilled the large order and rushed to complete the other orders, the company would basically not suffer any losses.

Louis secretly glanced at Lucas and thought to himself in amazement, *The chairman is indeed very impressive!*

Unfortunately, William, the general manager, had been forced by Franco to go to pick up Adrian and still hadn't returned yet.

Louis sent William a text to tell him about what had happened over here. He also informed William that the chairman had resolved the issues at the warehouse.

Unfortunately, William was now rushing to the warehouse with Adrian in his car, so he didn't notice the text.

There were more than twenty people kneeling on the ground in front of the warehouse, all of whom were injured. Each of them either had a broken arm or a broken leg as they kneeled with twisted bodies. Cold sweat covered their foreheads, but they didn't dare to wince or groan in pain at all.

A muscular man with all four of his limbs broken was lying on the ground a distance away from them, and his face was deathly pale. It was none other than Franco, who was currently completely different from his arrogant and domineering self more than half an hour ago. At this moment, he was lying motionlessly on the ground like a piece of trash, with horror written all over his face.

When Preston arrived at the warehouse and saw the scene before him, he flew into a rage.

Without saying a word, he rushed forward and kicked Franco twice. "Damn it! You bastard, didn't I tell you to work in Snowflake Entertainment? Why did you bring your underlings here and create so much trouble for me?!"

As soon as Franco saw Preston, he received a tremendous shock. He was already in agonizing pain after having all four of his limbs broken by Lucas, and Preston's kicks against his wounds made the pain worsen. He immediately let out several shrieks as the pain overwhelmed him. "Ah! Mr. Taylor, please... stop! I know I was wrong. I know I was wrong!"

Still unsatisfied, Preston kicked him twice more before hollering in exasperation, "Tell me! How did you end up here? What have you done to Mr. Gray? Hurry up and give me a clear explanation of everything that happened!"

Only then did Franco realize that Preston appeared because of Lucas.

Although Franco was notorious, and many people were afraid of him, he was still working for Preston after all. Now that his limbs had been broken and he was rendered immobile, he was no longer as confident as he used to be.

He didn't dare to hide it from Preston and told him honestly how Adrian had approached him and promised to pay him \$550,000 in return for his help. He also told Preston that Adrian had requested him to bring his subordinates with him to the warehouse to block the exits and entrances, as well as the fact that they had beaten up the security guards.

As Preston listened to his explanation, his face turned even more sullen, and he kicked Franco hard a few more times. "Bastard! Have the Taylors not been paying you well? How dare you take on private jobs behind my back and do such a stupid thing for merely 550 grand? You even offended Mr. Gray! I'm going to kill you, you dimwit!"

He lashed out at Franco and reprimanded him furiously, but Franco was his subordinate and had indeed offended Lucas badly. No matter what, he had to give Lucas an explanation.

Preston walked up to Lucas and said with a fawning smile, "Mr. Gray, I'm so sorry. I failed to take my subordinate in hand and ended up offending you. It's indeed my mistake! How do you think this matter should be settled?"

Preston was extremely polite to Lucas. In fact, he even seemed to be fearful of Lucas and was trying to please him.

Lucas merely glanced at him indifferently. "There are still a few other culprits who haven't arrived yet, so stand by and wait for the time being!"

Preston's face stiffened, but he nonetheless complied obediently and stood at the side quietly.

Franco's jaw dropped when he saw this!

He had always thought that no one dared to mess with the Taylors because they were one of the four most powerful families in Orange County. So despite knowing that the Solar Corporation was under Stardust Corporation and that he was going against the Stardust Corporation by blocking the entrances and exits of the warehouse, he didn't take Lucas, the chairman, seriously at all.

But Preston, the direct descendant of the Taylors most likely to be the next helmsman, was actually so... subservient toward Lucas. It was an immense shock to Franco!

Upon seeing this scene, Louis, who was standing near them, was also amazed and surprised. *The chairman seems to be far more impressive than I imagined!*

Even the shoo-in helmsman of the Taylors, who has his nose high up in the air, seems deferential to Mr. Gray!

Mr. Gray is so terrifying!

At this moment, several expensive cars drove over from the other side of the warehouse, and a few familiar figures opened the doors of their respective cars and stepped out of them. With gleeful expressions, they began striding toward the main entrance of the warehouse smugly.

Louis immediately recognized them to be the former senior executives who had been fired from the company alongside Adrian just yesterday. He immediately went forward to stop them. "You people have already been fired from the company. What are you doing here now?"

"The general manager, Mr. Adrian Hill, has asked us to come back to work for the company again. Aren't you aware of that?" one of them said conceitedly.

Louis frowned and said in bewilderment, "Wasn't Adrian Hill also fired from the company? The general manager is now Mr. William Carter! What nonsense are you spouting?"

These former executives were instantly displeased.

"Damn it. You're just a lowly secretary who knows nothing! Let me tell you, that Mr. Carter of yours is facing the end of his career and will soon be kicked out of the company! And you, his secretary, will also have to pack your things and scam soon!"

"That's right! Adrian will soon become the next general manager, and you're going to be kicked out because you defected to William Carter."

"Hey Reece, aren't you the director of the human resource department? Issue an order now to have this clueless secretary fired immediately! Anyway, Adrian definitely won't like him!"

The few of them were extremely displeased with the fact that Louis was standing on William's side and treating them with so much disrespect. So they were clamoring about having him fired right there and then.

Chapter 337: Untitled

Had this happened in the past, Louis might have really believed what these former senior executives had said and thought that Adrian had really made a comeback, while Louis himself was going to be in huge trouble. But now that Lucas, the chairman of the company, was standing near him, and Adrian's conspiracy had already been exposed, Louis certainly wouldn't let them have their way.

Louis didn't believe them at all and naturally wasn't afraid of being threatened.

"Want to fire me? You can try doing it if you have what it takes!" Louis exclaimed sneeringly.

His provocative attitude and taunting immediately made these former executives feel that their authority had been challenged.

“Hah, you’re just a lowly secretary! What right do you have to be so arrogant in front of us?!”

“Reece, immediately get this bastard fired and kicked out!”

“Sure. I’ll notify the company staff right now and have him fired immediately!”

They glowered at Louis scornfully as the former director of the human resource department resolutely pulled out his phone and called to the office to have Louis fired.

They initially thought that Louis would panic and be uneasy. But to their surprise, Louis remained composed and stood still with his arms folded. He was even staring at them with contempt and derision in his eyes, as if he was looking at a bunch of clowns.

“What? Who am I? Can’t you recognize my voice? I’m Reece Jacobs, the director of the human resource department! What did you say? A new director was appointed yesterday, so you no longer have to take orders from me? Damn it. Do you also think that I’ll never be able to return to my job? Let me tell you, you’ll be the first person I fire once I get back to the office later! Screw you!” Reece hung up furiously.

“Reece, what’s the matter? Are those scoundrels in the office disobeying you?” The other former executives gathered around Reece and asked in disbelief.

Reece was so enraged that his face flushed red. Feeling embarrassed, he hollered resentfully, “Hmph, once I get back to the office later, I must teach them a lesson and fire all those fools who defy me!”

“Reece, you’re right! We should really keep those employees in line when we go back! Let’s fire every single one of them who stood on William Carter’s side yesterday! There are numerous people applying for a job at our company anyway!”

“Exactly. It’s time I discipline my subordinates in the business department!”

“Same goes for the purchasing department I’m in charge of!”

These former executives tried to comfort Reece and even imagined the scene of themselves establishing dominance and getting rid of those who disobeyed them back in the Solar Corporation’s Orange County branch office.

Standing right in front of them, Louis pursed his lips after hearing what they said.

At this juncture, an extremely ordinary-looking black Nissan sped over from a distance and came to a screeching halt in front of them.

The car doors opened, and William and Adrian stepped out of the driver's seat and backseat respectively.

"Why did you brake so quickly? Are you trying to kill me?" Adrian rebuked William relentlessly.

William pressed his lips together tightly and was about to tell Adrian to hurry up and settle the issue with Franco so that the goods in the warehouse could be dispatched and delivered on time. But he suddenly heard the voices of the former executives interrupting him.

"Adrian, you're finally here!"

"Adrian, you have no idea how disrespectful those bastards at the office are to us now, even though it's only been a day since we left the company!"

"That's right! Just now, Reece called his subordinates at the office but ended up being ridiculed by them. They said that you and all of us no longer have any rights to give them orders because we've already been kicked out of the company! Atrocious, huh? We can't let such people continue working for the company any longer!"

"Yeah, Adrian. When you return to the company, you must deal with those who disregarded you!"

"Yes, that's right! And this secretary of William Carter over here is absolutely obnoxious. He mocked us right in our faces and even taunted us to fire him if we have what it takes. Adrian, you must fire him just based on this statement!"

...

Upon seeing Adrian, the former executives flocked toward him and began complaining to him as though he was their closest kin.

After hearing their complaints, Adrian said coldly with a sullen expression, "Hmph, don't worry. Once I get to the office, I'll kick all of those arrogant punks out!"

At this moment, a cargo truck loaded with goods that had passed the final inspections and administrative processes was driving toward the main road.

Adrian was astonished, and only then did he realize that the burly men originally blocking the entrances and exits of the warehouse were no longer around. Furthermore, the warehouse's workers were also doing their jobs of loading the trucks with goods and dispatching them as per usual.

“Damn it! Who allowed them to start loading and dispatching goods? Didn’t I already say that they have to wait for me to get here before the goods can be released? Where’s Franco?” Adrian hollered in rage.

As soon as he said this, Jimmy and the other five former executives were stunned.

They had noticed that the warehouse had reopened when they arrived just now. But they didn’t think much of it and merely assumed that Adrian and Franco had already achieved their goal, thus allowing operations to resume at the warehouse.

But according to what Adrian just said, Franco had apparently unblocked the exits and entrances without informing Adrian. They couldn’t help wondering what was going on.

In contrast to their puzzlement, William sneered and seemed to have figured out something. He looked at Adrian and gibed, “Turns out everything that happened was your doing! You hired that scar-faced man to do that, didn’t you?”

William had been suspecting this for a long time, but he finally heard Adrian admit to it now.

Adrian had no intention to hide it from William. Besides, since he had almost achieved his goal anyway, he wasn’t afraid of letting William find out at all.

“Yes, I was the one who did it. So what?! Let me tell you, I must become the general manager of the company! Otherwise, I’ll get Franco to come and block the warehouse every single day. In just a few days, the company will go bankrupt and shut down. Let’s see what will happen to you when the time comes!” Adrian said arrogantly.

“I don’t know what will happen to him, but I know that you’ll be the first to die without knowing why!” All of a sudden, an icy cold voice sounded behind the crowd.

Adrian was startled to hear the voice, and he hurriedly turned his head around, with the other former executives following suit. They stared nervously at the source of the voice.

Lucas, the young chairman of the company who often kept such a low profile that they even thought he was an impostor at one point, was standing right behind them expressionlessly!

Chapter 338: Coercion

There was also a middle-aged man in his forties standing behind Lucas with a sullen expression, but no one knew who he was.

William looked at Lucas with his eyes wide open in surprise because he didn’t tell Lucas about what had happened here!

"You... Ahem, Mr. Gray, why are you here too?" William asked, sounding a little unnatural.

Lucas said indifferently, "If I hadn't come in time, I'm afraid someone else would have replaced the general manager of my company without my knowledge, huh?"

William's face was getting a little warm. *Seems like Lucas has already found out everything that happened.* At a loss for an explanation, William opened his mouth but ended up closing it again because he couldn't bring himself to say anything.

Of course, Lucas wasn't trying to hold William responsible or reprimand him. He turned to look at Adrian and the former executives around him, and his gaze instantly became much more menacing.

Adrian and the others had slightly guilty consciences in the first place. And now that Lucas, their most authoritative superior, had exposed their ploy to threaten William, they immediately felt even more nervous.

"Mr. Gray, since you're here, there are some things that I'd like to tell you in person." Among the group, Adrian had the best EQ, and he was also very quick-witted. So he soon thought of an excuse and explanation to give Lucas.

"What is it?" Lucas sneered.

Adrian coughed gently. "Mr. Gray, you probably didn't see what happened just now. Charlie Franco, the person in charge of Snowflake Entertainment, brought a bunch of his men with him to block the entrances and exits of our warehouse, causing operations to be disrupted. Even the security guards of our company couldn't stop them and ended up getting beaten up badly.

"If I hadn't asked Franco to unblock the entrance and exits, I believe that the operations of the warehouse would still be disrupted now. The orders for the goods to be delivered would have been all affected, which would have brought major losses to the company. I'm sure you're very clear about that."

Lucas glanced at him indifferently. "So?"

With a look of determination, Adrian said, "Mr. Gray, since you've heard what I just said with William Carter, I'll get straight to the point. Franco is not only the head of Snowflake Entertainment, but he's also a highly valued subordinate of the Taylors. At the same time, he's also a good friend of mine.

"Franco was really upset that I was dismissed from my job for no reason yesterday, and he insisted on doing me justice, so he brought his men here and blocked the entrances and exits in the morning. He told me that he would bring them here every single day and stop the cargo trucks from entering and leaving the warehouse until I'm appointed as

the general manager of the company! Mr. Gray, you should know very well what that means, right?

“So, Mr. Gray, you’re a wise person, and I believe you should know the best choice to make!”

Adrian was eloquent, and his explanation was logical and coherent as well. He not only made himself seem close to Franco, but he also attributed the cause of everything that had happened to Franco’s insistence on seeking justice for him.

If Lucas hadn’t already learned the truth from Franco, he would have probably really been fooled by Adrian’s words.

Standing behind Lucas, Preston had an incredibly gloomy expression.

Charlie Franco is just a lackey of the Taylors. What does he mean Franco is highly valued? Is he implying that I have poor judgment?

God knows how many stupid things that bastard Franco has already done in the name of the Taylors!

After hearing Adrian’s threat, William flew into a rage and snapped, “Adrian Hill, you’re really despicable and shameless! You actually resorted to such underhanded tricks just to become the general manager!”

Lucas shook his head and laughed. “How are you so certain that I can’t deal with Franco?”

Adrian said with unparalleled confidence, “Charlie is backed by the Taylors, one of the four most powerful families in this county! Even if you’re the chairman of the Stardust Corporation, you own only one corporation, and everyone in Orange County knows that the Stardust Corporation no longer has anything to do with the Huttons now. So, do you think you can defeat the Taylors?”

“Besides, Franco has a large group of underlings who have committed all sorts of violent acts such as slashing and arson. Franco himself is a combat expert who has been training since he was a teenager! Mr. Gray, given how lanky you are, Franco can crush you with the lift of his finger! Aren’t you afraid that he’ll deal with you ruthlessly?” At the end of his speech, a sinister glint appeared in Adrian’s eyes as he began to threaten Lucas’s personal safety.

“Pfft!” Someone next to him suddenly burst into laughter.

Seeing that everyone was now staring at him, Louis hurriedly reached his hands out to cover his mouth.

Louis found Adrian's threats hilarious and couldn't help himself.

He wondered what expression Adrian would have on his face when he found out the truth later.

"In that case, you're bent on being the general manager, and there's no room for negotiation. Is that right?" Lucas asked with raised brows.

"I'll be honest with you too. Franco will continue to disrupt the operations of the warehouse for as long as I'm not the general manager. Mr. Gray, it's up to you to decide whether you can afford to wait!" Adrian dropped his pretense and simply revealed his agenda and tricks to Lucas.

Lucas sneered and stopped wasting his breath on Adrian. He turned around and said to Preston, "Go bring that so-called highly valued subordinate of yours over!"

"..." Preston glanced at Lucas while gritting his teeth, but he could only helplessly gesture at the bodyguards behind him.

The bodyguards immediately acknowledged his order and walked toward the warehouse.

Lucas's reaction made Adrian, Jimmy, and the other five people baffled as they had an ominous hunch. They were just about to crane their necks to see who the bodyguards would bring over when Lucas suddenly questioned them.

"Are the six of you still going to take Adrian Hill's side?"

Jimmy and the other five people looked at each other. Soon, they saw a look of certainty in each other's eyes.

They had already handed over 60 grand each to Adrian in return for the chance to return to their jobs at the company and then make a ton of money. They couldn't give up and back out at this point.

They had to be on Adrian's side!

"Yes, Mr. Gray. We're indeed going to support Adrian in becoming general manager!"

"Yes. Mr. Hill is capable, qualified, and competent, so why shouldn't he be the general manager? If you hadn't interfered yesterday, this wouldn't have happened to the warehouse today!"

"That's right! We're all in this together with Adrian. We're not taking sides, but rather, we're just choosing to stand on the right side!"

“Mr. Gray, think about it carefully. Otherwise, the company will eventually go bankrupt and shut down!”

Lucas shook his head regretfully. “I just gave you guys a chance, but unfortunately, you gave it up yourselves.”

Jimmy and the other five all frowned in bewilderment, failing to understand what Lucas meant.

At this juncture, the sounds of a noisy commotion filled the air. A group of people came out from the corner outside the warehouse and walked over with bizarre gaits. Their bodies were swaying unsteadily, and many of them were limping or hopping over on one leg. All of them were grimacing and hissing in pain.

At the front, the two bodyguards in black were carrying a person whose limbs were obviously broken and hanging loosely while walking toward Lucas.

Looking at these people who didn't seem to be behaving normally, Adrian panicked and subconsciously took two steps back. Pretending to be composed, he asked, “Who... who are these people?”

Lucas giped with a smile, “What? Can't you recognize your best buddy?”

Chapter 339: Full of Regrets

“What?!” Adrian received a great shock when he saw the two bodyguards in black throwing the man they were carrying onto the ground.

All four of his limbs had been broken, and he groaned in pain when he landed on the ground. Adrian could clearly see the obvious scars on his now pale and twisted face.

“Franco?!” Adrian was horrified to realize that the man whose limbs were all broken and seemed to be in a miserable state was Franco, who called the shots among the gangsters in Orange County. He immediately took two steps back as a sudden chill ran down his spine.

How did the mighty and formidable Franco end up in such a state?

What exactly happened here?

Franco, lying on the ground, immediately glared at Adrian resentfully with his eyes wide open. “Adrian Hill, you bastard! You cheated me and caused me to become crippled. I'll definitely settle scores with you!”

Shocked by the terrifying hatred in Franco's eyes, Adrian frantically took two steps back again and spluttered, “Franco... Franco, h-how did you end up like this?”

“Bastard, you still have the cheek to ask me that? Damn it... Ah!” Franco began to get worked up as he tried to get up to strangle Adrian. But as soon as he moved, he immediately felt excruciating pain in the spots where his bones were broken. He had no choice but to fall back down again.

Standing beside him, William widened his eyes in shock. Before he went to look for Adrian, Franco was still unruly and arrogant. But now, he was in such a tragic state...

William subconsciously looked at Lucas, who was standing beside him with a composed expression. He instinctively felt that Lucas must have something to do with Franco's current miserable plight! *Seems that my son-in-law is getting more and more complicated...*

“Are you still going to threaten me with Charlie Franco?” Lucas asked with a smile as he stared at Adrian.

Adrian was no longer as confident and firm as he was a few minutes ago. Ever since he saw the terrible state Franco was in, he felt as if his heart had fallen into an ice-cold cave. His teeth began chattering, and he was at a loss for words.

Seeing this scene in front of them, Jimmy and the other former executives had already realized that things were not in their favor.

Franco had been crippled, and Adrian's plan had fallen through. Moreover, they were also doomed!

They looked at each other and then bit the bullet and knelt down in front of Lucas.

Thud!

The sound of their knees hitting the concrete ground was extraordinarily loud, but they could no longer be bothered at this point! “Mr. Gray, w-we didn't want to do this either. We were all forced to do it!”

“It was all Adrian's idea. He came to us yesterday and fooled us into paying him sixty grand each to hire Franco for his plan. He even threatened to make sure that we could no longer make a living in Orange County if we refused!”

“Exactly! Mr. Gray, we gave Adrian Hill 360 grand in total. It was as much as our life savings. We had no choice but to obey him... but we really didn't intend to go against you!”

They were all weeping miserably as if they were victims who had been forced.

As soon as they said all of this, Adrian became a little flustered.

The reason being, he did collect 360 grand from them yesterday, but he had only given 50 grand to Franco and pocketed the remaining amount.

Initially, no one would find out about the matter. But now that they had exposed him in front of Franco, Franco would certainly find out that Adrian had pocketed this large sum of money and gotten the better end of the deal!

Franco would probably hate him even more, especially since he had all his limbs broken because of this matter.

As expected, Franco instantly sat up from the ground and hollered angrily, "Adrian Hill, you f*cking bastard! You collected 360 grand from them but only gave me 50! You f*cking pocketed over 300 grand and even wanted me to put my life on the line for you! Damn it! I must kill you!"

Franco glowered at him, and the veins around his eyes were bulging. He looked incredibly horrifying, as if he was going to eat Adrian up.

If he could still move now, he would personally sever Adrian's arms and legs one by one!

The other six only found out now that Adrian had pocketed the large sum of the money he had collected from them!

In other words, Adrian didn't fork out a single cent himself but even earned more than 300 grand from the deal, in addition to becoming the general manager of the company, if the plan worked out, of course. He had blatantly treated them as fools and took them for a ride!

"Adrian Hill, you son of a bitch! You're so despicable. How dare you deceive us?!"

"Screw you! Hurry up and return our money!"

"Adrian Hill, you're such a bastard! Pay up!"

After realizing that they had been cheated out of their money, the six former executives furiously grabbed Adrian by his collar. Some were impatient and even punched him on his face.

Adrian shrieked in pain, but no one bothered about him.

Meanwhile, Preston kicked Franco furiously and rebuked, "Dimwit! You had the nerve to do such nonsense behind my back for a mere fifty grand. And you even dare to make a fuss about that money now? Is that something you should worry about now? Damn it!"

After dealing with Franco, the livid Preston walked up to Lucas. "Mr. Gray, this stupid bastard Franco has indeed made a tremendous mistake and offended you. You can do whatever you want with him. Even if you kill him, the Taylors won't stop you!"

The six people beating up Adrian suddenly realized that the person who had been standing by Lucas's side was Preston Taylor! In that case, they had not only offended Lucas but also Franco and the Taylors!

They were in hot soup!

Adrian turned as pale as a sheet, and his legs turned into jelly, causing him to fall to the ground.

The funny thing was, he had just threatened Lucas by saying that the Taylors wouldn't let him off for offending Franco. But little did he know that a Taylor had been standing right there and watching him repress others in their name!

Adrian had always thought that he was really smart, but he never expected that his well-thought-out plan would backfire and cause him to end up in such a plight!

The only mistake he had made was belittling the chairman of the company, Lucas Gray!

He had underestimated Lucas's power and wrongly assumed that Lucas wouldn't be able to deal with Franco's violence or even dare to confront the Taylors. But he was utterly wrong!

It was a terrible mistake!

However, it was too late for regrets now!

After hearing Preston say that he would hand Franco over to him to deal with, Lucas seemed completely uninterested. He said apathetically, "You can do whatever you want to a dog with all four limbs broken."

"In that case... Mr. Gray, what would you like me to do?" Preston gritted his teeth. The Taylors were considered at fault for what happened today, so he had to give Lucas an explanation to appease him.

Since Lucas didn't want to do anything to Franco, Preston had to make it up to Lucas in other aspects.

However... he suddenly had a strange sense of uneasiness.

Chapter 340: Is There A Connection?

Lucas suddenly asked, "The Taylors own a large real estate development company, as well as a construction and renovation company, right?"

He still remembered that Scott Taylor, Preston's brother, had once brought two of his bodyguards to his villa and demanded that he let him have the villa because it was developed by a real estate development company owned by the Taylors.

Preston froze in shock, a little puzzled by what Lucas meant. But he answered conscientiously, "Yes, Moon Palace Realty and Milton Interior Design belong to our family."

Lucas smiled. "Since you own businesses in the real estate and renovation industries, and I have a logistics and transportation company, how about you consider cooperating with us, Mr. Taylor?"

Only then did Preston understand that Lucas didn't want anything from him except the opportunity to cooperate with the Taylors.

In fact, Lucas's request might mainly be meant for the development of his company, but it wouldn't cause any losses for the Taylors, and Preston might even be able to use this opportunity to try and get closer to Lucas. He might even get the Ocean Bathhouse back from Lucas rightfully.

Unfortunately, he couldn't agree to Lucas's request.

"Mr. Gray, I'm really very sorry, but I can't agree to your request." Preston shook his head regretfully.

Then Preston quickly added an explanation, for fear that Lucas might have misunderstood something. "It's not that I don't want to agree to your request, but the Taylors own many businesses that various members of the family manage. There are clear rules on which industries each person is in charge of, and I happen to not be the person in charge of the real estate and construction industry, so I can't interfere and agree to your request."

Seeing how sincere Preston seemed, Lucas finally believed that he wasn't just making up a random excuse but that there was indeed such a rule among the Taylors.

Given Scott Taylor's behavior previously, Lucas reckoned that he should be the one in charge of the real estate business of the Taylors.

In that case, Preston indeed couldn't agree to his request to cooperate.

So Lucas dropped the idea and said, "Forget it then. Since this person already has his limbs broken, I can't be bothered to pursue this anymore. You may take him away."

Seeing that Lucas didn't seem to be angry, Preston heaved a sigh of relief and hurriedly guaranteed, "Please rest assured that I'll definitely inform my subordinates not to get into a conflict with you again!"

"Okay." Lucas then turned to look at the former senior executives of the company, who were kneeling on the ground.

After Lucas glanced at them, Adrian, Jimmy, and the rest immediately shuddered and begged, "Mr. Gray, we were wrong! We won't make the same mistake again! Please spare us!"

"Yes, Mr. Gray. Please just forgive us this once!"

...

They were panic-stricken. Had they known earlier that Lucas was so terrifying, they wouldn't have listened to Adrian and let him tempt them into coming here to threaten Lucas.

Lucas said coldly, "I've already given you a chance just now, but unfortunately, you chose to give it up yourselves."

Then he turned to look at William and ordered, "Mr. Carter, it's up to you to deal with these people. Go investigate them and find out clearly if they've embezzled company funds or committed some other illegal acts!"

"Yes, Mr. Gray!" William immediately acknowledged.

Adrian and the others almost fainted after hearing what Lucas said.

They had stayed in the company for the sake of making money, so of course they had committed illegal acts. If Lucas decided to investigate them, none of them would be able to escape the law, and they would definitely be put behind bars!

At the thought of the consequences, they immediately decided to forgo any dignity and prostrated to Lucas.

"Mr. Gray, we have families to feed, and if we... go to jail, our families will be ruined!"

Lucas sneered. "Why did you do it in the first place then? Why didn't you consider this consequence when you were being parasites to the company and making money without a care in the world?"

The seven of them were deathly pale, and they were about to defend themselves further, but Lucas lost his temper and hollered, "Whoever speaks another word will be silenced forever!"

Lucas's domineering aura surged out like a beast, making them shudder and too afraid to speak.

Soon, William lodged a police report and had people come to take all the former executives away for a proper investigation.

Wanting to take the opportunity to leave, Preston hurriedly asked, "In that case, Mr. Gray, I'll take my leave now, alright?"

Lucas glanced at him and suddenly asked, "How are you handling the task I gave you?"

Previously in the Ocean Bathhouse, Preston had promised Lucas to introduce him to the mysterious organization that supplied beauties to the Ocean Bathhouse. But Preston said that even the Taylors had no idea who constituted the organization and their contact info. So they could only wait passively for the organization to contact them. However, it had been a long time since then, but there was still no news.

In addition, there were no longer any more beauties being sent to the Ocean Bathhouse lately, so Lucas suspected that the Taylors might have already contacted them and perhaps even agreed to change the transaction location.

Suddenly questioned about this matter, Preston obviously became nervous as he hurriedly shook his head. "Well... they haven't contacted me, so there's nothing I can do!"

Lucas narrowed his eyes and stared at Preston without saying anything for a long time. His gaze was so intense that droplets of sweat appeared on the tip of Preston's nose.

Lucas then questioned slowly, "Preston Taylor, do you think that you can fool me because I'm a little too nice to you?"

As soon as Lucas said this, Preston immediately remembered the fear he felt when Lucas strangled him. But he nevertheless shook his head and said, "I'm telling the truth! Think about it. The Ocean Bathhouse is now in your hands, and I desperately want to get it back from you as soon as possible. How could I possibly deceive you? The truth is that no one knows the whereabouts of those people. I'm really anxious that they haven't contacted me, but there's nothing I can do except wait!"

With a sharp glint in his eyes, Lucas stared straight into Preston's eyes. "I'll ask you one last time. Have you really not been in contact with them?"

Chapter 341: Scene in the Video

Preston felt the pores on his back instantly expanding and cold sweat profusely gushing out of them.

But he still clenched his jaw and exclaimed, “No, I really haven’t had any contact with them! I swear! If they do contact me, I’ll definitely inform you immediately!”

Lucas smiled and suddenly said, “Okay, got it. You may leave now!”

Feeling as if he had been spared from severe punishment, Preston hurriedly brought his bodyguards, Franco, and Franco’s underlings away from the warehouse.

William witnessed everything from the side, and apart from utter astonishment, all that remained in his heart was a bunch of complicated emotions that he couldn’t put into words.

He thought of the times that he had lashed out at Lucas and called him a freeloading good-for-nothing when Lucas had just returned to Orange County a few months ago. Back then, he had even berated Lucas for being a disgrace to the Carters and even wanted him to divorce Cheyenne.

But the many incidents that happened afterward made him change his opinion of Lucas again and again before finally discovering that his son-in-law was actually so capable.

The fact that Preston Taylor had been so subservient and polite to Lucas today caused William’s feelings about Lucas to become even more complicated. *What other surprising things are there about Lucas that I’m not aware of yet?*

Meanwhile, Louis looked at Lucas respectfully. Their chairman was too impressive!

Not only was Lucas’s status so superior that even a Taylor had to be cautious and polite when speaking to him, but his combat skills were also extraordinary. Although he was slim and tall with an ordinary figure, he could defeat a bunch of gangsters armed with iron rods in just an instant. Even the gangsters’ boss, Charlie Franco, who was touted to be extremely impressive at fighting, was weak and helpless when facing Lucas!

Louis felt that Lucas didn’t seem to be someone who existed in real life at all because he was too powerful and perfect!

At this moment, Lucas wasn’t aware that he had just gained a new fan who was full of awe for him because of his actions just now.

Seeing that everything had been settled, Lucas didn’t stay any longer and simply said to William, “I’ll leave the rest to you. I’ll get going now. If something like this happens again, call me immediately!”

William’s face was a little flushed at this point. He initially thought that he could solve this matter with his own abilities and minimize the losses incurred by the company. But he didn’t expect to still have to rely on Lucas to settle it.

“Okay, I know what to do. Go ahead and get busy with your own matters!” William hurriedly said.

As soon as Lucas left, Louis darted toward William excitedly and asked curiously, “Mr. Carter, who exactly is Mr. Gray? He’s so impressive and powerful. Even Preston Taylor was so subservient toward him! Also, Mr. Gray’s combat skills...”

William interrupted Louis and said in a deep, cold voice, “Mr. Gray doesn’t like others prying into his affairs, so just remember to do your job well and stay out of other matters!”

He seemed to be warning Louis.

Lucas had never made his identity public, and even his closest family members, such as William and Cheyenne, had only just learned of his true identity recently. So William naturally knew that Lucas wasn’t willing to let others know who he was.

Louis smiled somewhat embarrassedly and said awkwardly, “I-I was just asking a casual question. I don’t mean anything else!”

At this moment, Lucas was leaving in his car and on the phone with someone. “Keep close tabs on Preston Taylor and the other direct descendants of the Taylor family. See if there’s anything strange about them lately, especially if they’ve made any contact with suspicious people in secretive locations!”

“Yes, Lucas!”

At this moment, in the home of the Wallaces, one of the four most powerful families of Orange County...

Due to Liam Wallace’s demise, all the Wallaces were mourning, and the atmosphere in their home was somber and melancholic.

Liam’s funeral was held in the main hall on the first floor of the villa in front. Liam was lying inside his coffin placed in the middle of the hall, surrounded by numerous wreaths of white flowers.

All the Wallaces had gathered in the villa in the middle of the manor, which belonged to Pierre Wallace, who was now frowning with a sullen expression on his face.

His eldest son, Bryant, who was also Liam’s father, walked up to him and said with reddened eyes, “Dad, I’ve already had someone investigate this matter. Liam was indeed killed by that young man Lucas Gray!”

A strong killing intent suddenly emerged from Pierre's eyes that were gradually turning turbid. "How dare he kill my grandson? I must make him pay for it with his life!"

Pierre's eyes were wide open and full of fury, and resentment was brimming all over his menacing face.

Not only did Lucas kill Liam, but he had also insulted the Wallaces by doing so, and that was something that Pierre could never tolerate! Anyone who offended the Wallaces would have to bear the consequences for their actions!

"Dad, no one wants to kill Lucas Gray more than I do. I want to avenge Liam, but I'm afraid it won't be that easy to kill him," Bryant said with great difficulty through clenched teeth.

"What do you mean by that?" Pierre frowned. "Didn't you tell us previously that that punk is just a powerless good-for-nothing and the live-in son-in-law of the Carters who got kicked out of the family? Is there something about his identity that makes it impossible for us to do anything to him?"

"No, that's not the case." Bryant shook his head and pulled out a cell phone from his pocket. Then he instructed someone to cast the video he had saved on the phone onto the 78-inch TV screen in the middle of the hall.

Soon, a somewhat blurry video played on the large screen. Based on the angle, it seemed to be surveillance camera footage.

"Mr. Gray, we've already let your friends go. Can you let Mr. Kingston off now?" Russell, the person in charge of the auction, asked extremely carefully, seemingly afraid of angering Lucas.

In the center of the video, there was a young man of about 27 or 28 years old ruthlessly stepping on the chest of someone lying on the ground.

The face of the man on the ground was red, and there were clear fingerprints on his neck, which seemed to be the result of being strangled. This person was Kyle Kingston!

It turned out to be footage of Lucas threatening Kyle during the altercation that had occurred at the auction the other day!

In fact, when Kyle delivered Liam's corpse to the Wallaces, he had mentioned that he almost got killed by Lucas. But the Wallaces were skeptical about his allegation because almost no one would dare to do such a thing to Kyle, given the powerful status of his family!

But when they saw the footage of the scene at that time, they were all astounded because it turned out that Kyle had told them the truth!

Lucas Gray is really brazen!

Chapter 342: Joint Attack

The footage continued playing. Lucas said several sentences, and Pierre immediately frowned when he heard Lucas say, "I, Lucas Gray, am no pushover. The reason that I choose not to create trouble is not because I'm afraid. Anyone who plans to provoke me first should consider if they can bear the consequences before doing so!" The other Wallaces also seemed to be extremely displeased.

"Who does he think he is? How arrogant!"

"Exactly! He's the most haughty person I've ever seen!"

The Wallaces were all expressing their displeasure when Pierre suddenly raised his hand to stop them from speaking.

Seeing Pierre frowning and staring at the screen, everyone hurriedly kept quiet and watched the next scene carefully.

After Lucas issued the warning, he lifted his foot off Kyle's chest and walked toward the exit of the auction hall. Just when everyone thought he was about to walk out the door, he suddenly stopped, turned around, and flicked something that darted out of his hand at an incredible speed.

Immediately afterward, everyone saw Liam, who was nearly 20 meters away from Lucas, suddenly freeze in place. Then he extended his hand and placed it on his neck. Soon, blood gushed out from the front and back of his neck as he fell backward!

"This is it! That's how Liam got killed!" Liam's mother exclaimed hysterically when she saw this scene. She was almost on the verge of throwing herself against the screen, wishing she could pull Lucas out of it and strangle him to death.

Pierre waved his hand, and soon, two people pulled away Liam's mother, who was extremely agitated and worked up. He also instructed them to pause the footage.

"Did you all see clearly what happened? Did you see how that young man killed Liam?" Pierre said to everyone in a deep voice.

"Uh... It happened all too quickly, and I didn't get a clear glimpse of it!"

"What exactly was Lucas Gray holding in his hand? Was it a pocket-sized pistol?"

"No, it doesn't seem like it. He seemed to be pinching something in his fingers, and it didn't look like a pistol!"

...

The Wallaces began discussing and speculating.

Bryant said sullenly, "Continue watching the footage, and you'll find out what he was holding."

Pierre waved his hand again, and the footage resumed playing on the large screen.

When the crowd saw the bloodstained button that the security guard handed over, everyone's eyes were full of disbelief!

The weapon used to kill Liam turns out to be this tiny button?!

They couldn't believe it at all. After rewinding the footage and watching it over and over again in slow motion, they finally confirmed that the button had darted out of Lucas's hand and pierced through Liam's throat 20 meters away to deal a fatal blow to him!

Everyone couldn't help but inhale sharply, flabbergasted by Lucas's terrifying strength!

At this moment, all the Wallaces finally understood what Bryant meant when he said that it wouldn't be easy to kill Lucas.

It wasn't that Lucas's status was so noble that he was untouchable, but rather, Lucas's reflexes and combat skills were terrifyingly powerful!

His immense strength was simply mind-boggling!

After everyone gradually recovered from the shock and calmed down, Bryant said, "I sent someone to investigate this young man and discovered that he doesn't have a simple background.

"Prior to this, I only knew that he was a live-in son-in-law of the Carters, and I even thought that he was just a freeloader sponging off his wife. But after some investigation, I found out that Lucas Gray is actually a descendant of the Huttons!

"However, he's probably an illegitimate son because the Huttons kicked him out of the family more than a decade ago, and his mother brought him to Orange County after several twists and turns. More than six years ago, his mother died of illness, and he ended up marrying Cheyenne Carter as a live-in husband because of a scandal between them.

"But soon after he got married, he suddenly left the Carters one day and vanished for more than six years. He finally returned to Orange County just a little over three months ago. It's said that he spent those six years serving as a soldier in the military, but I

wasn't able to find out what specific unit he was in and what exactly he did during his service.

"That's all I managed to discover. There's no information to explain his incredible strength and the other secrets he's still harboring. All I can say is that he's an extremely mysterious and formidable enemy!"

Bryant spoke with a conscientious expression.

Of course, by saying all of this, he meant that he was too scared of Lucas, so much so that he didn't dare to take revenge against Lucas for his son. He told the Wallaces about Lucas because he wanted them to realize that they couldn't belittle him and that they would have to find powerful helpers in order to kill him.

Pierre naturally understood Bryant's intentions. He looked at the crowd and said with a menacing gaze, "I can't let Liam die in vain, and the Wallaces' pride and authority are not to be challenged! In any case, I want Lucas Gray dead by the end of today, regardless of what it takes!"

"Yes!" Bryant immediately nodded.

Since Pierre already said so, he would hire some elite experts at all costs and send them to nab Lucas. Once they brought Lucas back, the Wallaces would take revenge for Liam!

At this moment, someone suddenly stood up and said to Pierre, "Lucas Gray seems to be really terrifying. I doubt we can find any experts strong enough to deal with him."

The person who spoke resembled Bryant greatly but was slightly younger. He was Bryant's younger brother, Darren Wallace.

Pierre frowned, "What are you trying to say?"

Darren said unhurriedly, "Liam died at the auction venue belonging to the Kingstons, and both Kyle Kingston and Russell Duncan witnessed his murder. But they failed to enforce tighter security measures and watched Liam get killed at their auction site. So, I think that the Kingstons have an irrefutable responsibility for this matter!"

"Besides, the Kingstons are a prestigious family that's far more powerful than ours. They definitely have connections to more experts than we do, so I think we should contact them and have them find a top expert to come over to help us deal with Lucas Gray! In short, the Kingstons can't stay out of this matter!"

Many of the Wallaces immediately agreed with Darren.

Although the Wallaces could certainly hire some elite experts, Lucas was too powerful after all, and ordinary experts probably wouldn't be a match for him. But it would definitely be too expensive to hire top assassins.

Besides, since the Kingstons were partly to blame for the death of Liam, shouldn't the Kingstons find some elite experts to help kill Lucas?

"Yes, the Kingstons should take responsibility for this too. We must make them help us!"

"The experts the Kingstons can find should be better than ours, so we should get them to do it!"

"Yes, we can't let them sit back and do nothing!"

"Yeah, I heard that Kyle Kingston has a feud with Lucas Gray too. We can't let them reap the benefits without contributing any effort while we do all the work!"

...

The Wallaces were extremely agitated, and they had all reached the consensus of making the Kingstons in charge of hiring some experts to kill Lucas.

After pondering for a long time, Pierre finally made up his mind too. "Okay, Bryant, I'll leave this matter to you. Contact the Kingstons and inform them about this matter. We'll join hands with them to kill Lucas Gray!"

Chapter 343: Murderous Aura in the Villa

At this moment, Lucas naturally wasn't aware that the Wallaces had already decided to hire top experts to assassinate him and had also decided to join hands with the Kingstons.

Others would definitely be scared soulless if they learned that they were about to be assassinated. After all, the Wallaces were one of the four most powerful families in Orange County, and the Kingstons were one of the most powerful families in the state. Neither was to be belittled, let alone them joining forces. Anyone targeted by them would definitely be unable to escape death.

But Lucas was a formidable person. Even if the Wallaces and Kingstons joined forces to hire top experts in California, they wouldn't be able to deal with Lucas. In fact, it was almost impossible to find someone in the country who was on par with Lucas.

He was known as the invincible God of War, and he was also the captain of the Falcon Regiment. Almost no one in the world could harm him.

In the afternoon, Lucas handled some matters at the Stardust Corporation. When he saw that it was about time, he proceeded to pick Amelia up at the kindergarten and then drove to the entrance of the Brilliance Corporation to pick Cheyenne up. The family of three happily headed home to the lake villa.

The black Jaguar drove through the gates of the villa. As soon as the gates opened, Lucas could acutely sense an extraordinary murderous aura lurking in their villa.

Lucas had experienced many life-and-death crises on the battlefield, and his personal strength and combat skills had also reached a terrifying level. So he was very sensitive to such murderous auras, and he could sense it through the air.

His heart tensed up, and he stopped Cheyenne, who was about to get out of the car while carrying Amelia in her arms. Afraid of scaring his wife and daughter, Lucas said gently, "Wait for me inside the car. I'm just going to grab something inside. Let's have dinner at a restaurant tonight!"

Cheyenne asked with great suspicion, "We're already home. Why do you suddenly want to have dinner at a restaurant?"

"It's nothing. I just suddenly want to take Amelia to a nice restaurant. The food they serve is delicious." Lucas found a random excuse.

Being a child, Amelia was excited when she heard that Lucas was going to take her out for dinner. She immediately exclaimed happily, "Wow! Yay, we get to go out for a feast tonight! I want to have some pizza!"

Seeing how excited and happy Amelia was, Cheyenne naturally agreed to it.

Thus, both Cheyenne and Amelia stayed in the car while Lucas walked toward the villa alone.

After pushing open the villa door, Lucas walked directly toward the stairs. The murderous aura he detected just now was coming from the master bedroom on the second floor.

His footsteps were extremely light, especially when he stepped on the soft carpet. He remained silent all the way until he reached the door of the master bedroom before kicking it open!

Bang!

With the strong impact of his kick, the exquisite scented rosewood door flew open and slammed against the wall behind the door.

“Argh!” Caught off guard, the figure behind the bedroom door let out a muffled grunt as the wooden door slammed against his nose before he could even react and wedged him between the door and the wall. His nose started bleeding, and he was in extreme pain, completely in a tragic plight.

The man never thought that Lucas would discover him when he was hiding behind the bedroom door! *How did Lucas Gray make his way up quietly? I didn't notice his presence at all!*

Bearing with the pain and soreness coming from his nose, the man wiped the blood off of his face and darted out from behind the door with a shiny dagger in his hand. He then charged toward Lucas's throat!

The man moved extremely quickly, and he was much faster than many of the so-called experts Lucas had seen before. Others probably wouldn't even be able to react in time and suffer a fatal slash to the neck.

But the moment the lightning-fast dagger was about to touch his neck, Lucas merely sneered and reached out at a speed twice as fast as the assailant to grab his wrist and then snatch the dagger.

Immediately afterward, Lucas thrust his knee forward and kned the man in his lower abdomen.

“Argh!” The man immediately shrieked miserably as his body arched upward. While this was happening, Lucas took the opportunity to press him against the wall in front. He then raised his hand and stabbed the dagger straight into the center of the man's palm, pinning him against the wall!

The next instant, Lucas grabbed his neck like he was grabbing that of a little chicken.

The entire process took less than two seconds!

Lucas rendered the man, who had been ambushing behind the bedroom door, powerless and unable to fight back at all!

At this moment, Lucas had punctured his hand with the dagger, keeping him against the wall. Moreover, Lucas was choking him, not giving him the chance to struggle.

Lucas finally had the time to scrutinize the assassin.

It was a man in his thirties. He was bald but had unusually thick brows and a chubby face. He was obviously a ruthless and ferocious person. Moreover, he was very muscular and had calluses all over his hands. Clearly, he had undergone hard training.

Besides, Lucas could tell from his swift and ruthless actions, as well as the dense murderous aura he was exuding, that he must have killed many people in the past. In fact, he killed for a living.

If Lucas didn't have extraordinarily keen senses, allowing him to detect the murderous aura from outside the villa in advance, he would probably have been killed when he opened the bedroom door.

"Speak up. Who sent you here?" Lucas questioned coldly while exuding a shocking aura.

Lucas would never be merciful to those who wanted to kill him or hurt his family.

At this point, the assailant was in a terrible state, his right hand nailed to the wall by the dagger, his face ashen, blood trickling down his face from his nostrils, and agony written all over his face. He was clearly in extreme pain.

He never thought that he would end up in such a miserable state. The young man in front of him, whom he was supposed to assassinate, had strength far beyond his imagination!

Suddenly, Lucas tightened his grip on the man's neck, making him feel a suffocating, painful sensation and the horrifying fear of being strangled to death.

Seeing the icy cold gaze on Lucas's face, he didn't doubt for a single moment that Lucas would kill him!

"I'll tell you... I'll tell you! It's... the Kingstons who sent me!" the man said with great difficulty.

Lucas narrowed his eyes.

Previously, he had already warned the Kingstons not to try anything funny, but he didn't expect them to still send a hitman to kill him.

It seemed that he had been too kind to Kyle by letting him off before, which was why the Kingstons hadn't learned their lesson yet and repeatedly tried to create trouble for him.

Sensing Lucas's murderous intent, the man immediately had an ominous hunch and frantically tried to threaten Lucas. "I work for the Kingstons. You can't kill me, or else they won't let you off! Neither will my master!"

Snap!

His words came to an abrupt end with the crisp sound of his bones being shattered!

The man's eyes were wide open and full of disbelief. A few seconds later, his head drooped, and he was no longer breathing.

Lucas had snapped the vertebrae at his neck into two!

Chapter 344: Is He Back?

"The Kingstons? Hmph!" A cold glint of sharpness appeared in Lucas's eyes. He composedly headed to the bathroom to wash off the bloodstains on his hands.

He then took out his cell phone and made a call. "There's a corpse in my bedroom. Send someone to pick it up and dump it at the entrance of the Kingston residence. Clean up the room too."

"Yes, Lucas!" the other person immediately acknowledged without hesitating or asking about anything, as if it was just a simple order.

Lucas hung up and took a look at the time. It had only been three minutes since he entered the villa.

After thinking about it, he changed into a fresh set of clothes before walking out of the villa. He opened the car door and got inside.

Cheyenne and Amelia were both unaware of the murder that had just occurred in their home and were still excitedly discussing the restaurant where they were going to have dinner.

"I just called Charlotte, but she said that she's tied up with work. When we reach the restaurant later, we'll send her the address, and she'll join us when she can," Cheyenne said.

The three of them were living together with Charlotte in the villa.

Now that they had decided to go to a restaurant for dinner, they naturally wouldn't leave Charlotte out.

"Okay!" Lucas naturally wouldn't object, so he nodded, started the car engine, and began driving to the restaurant.

At this moment, in a villa of the Wallaces' manor in Orange County...

In the spacious and comfortable guest hall, there was an energetic-looking, completely bald old man in his late sixties. His cheeks were flushed, and if not for his graying eyebrows and the few deep wrinkles on his forehead, it was almost impossible to tell that he was advanced in age.

His eyes were slightly closed, but his eyes seemed to glisten from time to time.

There was another middle-aged man in his forties sitting up straight near him. It was Bryant Wallace, Liam's father.

Holding onto a small and delicate teapot, he was carefully pouring some tea for the old man in front of him.

"Henry, thank you for helping us get rid of a huge scourge this time. This is made from the finest Earl Grey tea leaves in my father's cherished collection. Please try it!" Bryant said respectfully.

The bald old man picked up the teacup, gave it a sniff, and then raised the teacup to take a gentle sip of the tea. He finally sighed with satisfaction. "As expected of the finest Earl Grey tea leaves, it tastes great!"

Bryant knew to observe the expressions of others and act accordingly. He hurriedly said, "My father has plenty of tea leaves left. It's our honor that you like it. I'll give you a few boxes!"

"Haha, alright." Henry Salve chuckled and accepted it without standing on ceremony.

Seeing that Henry had accepted the gift, Bryant was also in a pleasant mood. So he took the opportunity to broach the topic with Henry. "Henry, I'm sure you've seen that video I sent you. What do you think of Lucas Gray's combat skills? He should still be rather inferior to Nolan, right?"

Henry said proudly with a nod, "Of course! That punk is an amateur. He's nothing compared to me and my apprentice!"

Then Henry picked up a white porcelain teacup on the table and crushed it by giving it a tight little squeeze. Immediately afterward, he picked up one of the broken pieces, placed it between his fingers, and then flicked it forcefully. In an instant, the broken porcelain piece darted through the air and struck the door.

Bang!

A small hole was bored in the sturdy wooden door.

“Wow!” Bryant immediately gasped in amazement. It was the first time he saw with his own eyes someone boring a hole through a wooden door nearly ten meters away with a piece of a broken porcelain cup!

Most importantly, Henry seemed to have done it effortlessly. Yet there was already so much power in his strike, and it didn't seem inferior to Lucas's strike!

Seeing the look of admiration on Bryant's face, Henry couldn't help but be smug, but he maintained an indifferent expression. He said nonchalantly, “What's there to make a fuss about? It's just some beginner skills. My apprentice can also do it effortlessly!”

After seeing Henry's move, Bryant felt much more relieved. He initially thought that Lucas was already powerful and impressive enough. But to his surprise, it was just a beginner skill in the eyes of a top expert like Henry!

This just showed that Henry's skills were absolutely elite, and he could easily defeat Lucas!

His spirits were lifted, and he could almost imagine the scene of Henry's apprentice, Nolan, bringing Lucas's head back.

At that time, he would definitely carry Lucas's head and place it in front of Liam's grave!

Both of them sat quietly in the guest hall and sipped on some tea while waiting for Nolan to return with good news.

But as time passed, there was no news from Nolan. Bryant raised his wrist quietly to look at the time and discovered that almost three hours had passed. Logically speaking, Nolan should have returned long ago.

“Um... Henry, should we give Nolan a call and ask about the situation?” Bryant asked, getting a little impatient.

Henry's face turned sullen, and he questioned in displeasure, “What? Are you doubting my apprentice's abilities? Do you think he can't deal with Lucas Gray?”

“No, no, no, I definitely don't mean that!” Bryant hurriedly explained. “I... I just realized that it's getting late, and it should be dinner time soon. I've already instructed my cooks to prepare a feast for you two.”

“Hmph, are we not going to eat if he doesn't return?” Henry asked in displeasure.

He was still acting all lofty and aloof just now. But after his face turned sullen, his aura became menacing, and it frightened Bryant to the point of shivering.

“Yes, I’ll instruct them to serve the food!” Bryant quickly said before leaving anxiously. Only after he was far away did he wipe the cold sweat on his forehead. Afterward, he hurriedly instructed his servants to set the table.

After Bryant left the guest hall, Henry called Nolan with a gloomy expression.

But no one answered even after a long time.

Henry darkened. *It’s just dealing with some punk. Hasn’t Nolan dealt with him yet?*

“Henry, bad news. There’s going to be trouble!” Suddenly, someone pushed the door open and stumbled in, his face deathly pale and full of horror. It was Bryant, who just left a short while ago!

“Why are you yelling? Behave yourself! Are the Wallaces all so ill-mannered?” Henry was already in a foul mood, and he got even more frustrated when Bryant suddenly charged in.

“It’s No-Nolan...” Bryant, who had always been calm, was so flustered that he couldn’t speak coherently.

“What happened to Nolan? Is he back?” Henry quickly asked.

On the verge of tears, Bryant spluttered, “Nolan... Nolan is dead!”

Chapter 345: Gooseberry

“What did you say?!” Henry’s expression changed drastically, and he suddenly stood up, staring at Bryant in disbelief.

Although Henry had taken many apprentices under his tutelage in his life, most of them hadn’t learned much of his skills, except Nolan, who was his favorite disciple and whom he was most proud of too. Not only had Nolan learned almost 90% of his skills, but he was also set to be Henry’s successor.

Henry originally thought that apart from himself, there would probably be no one in the field of combat who could rival Nolan. He didn’t expect to hear from Bryant that Nolan, his favorite disciple, had died!

“Nonsense! Who died?! Repeat yourself! Who died?!” Henry hollered. He was glowering at Bryant furiously as he strode toward him and grabbed him by the collar.

Bryant was so frightened that his teeth began to chatter, and he could barely speak.

“He... he’s outside!”

“Punk, you’d better bear this in mind. If you dare to lie to me, I have plenty of ways to kill you!” With that, Henry left Bryant behind and dashed toward the door of the villa.

Soon, he saw a corpse at the entrance of the villa. The corpse had a familiar face and figure, but there were no longer any signs of life on his face, and his eyes were still wide open and full of confusion, mixed with a tinge of agony and shock. It was as if he had seen a horrifying scene moments before his death.

It was Nolan’s corpse!

Because his body was lying flat on the ground, the five greenish-purple marks were clearly visible on his neck, which was now soft and limp. Clearly, his hyoid bone had been crushed!

“Nolan! My good apprentice!” Henry suddenly let out a deafening roar as a murderous intent instantly surged from his body.

There were two security guards standing beside Nolan. They were the ones who had carried Nolan’s corpse from the entrance of the Wallaces’ manor to the villa.

“Get lost!” Henry roared. Then he extended his hands, which were as hard as steel, and leaped forward to grab each of them by the collar before flinging them to the sides forcefully as though they were pieces of garbage.

Bang!

Bang!

The two security guards slammed against the two tall and large marble statues more than twenty meters away with two loud thuds. In an instant, their skulls shattered, and all their bones broke, resulting in instant death!

The violent and brutal scene immediately made everyone frightened, and they started shivering continuously.

Throwing two grown adults against statues more than twenty meters away wasn’t something that ordinary people could do.

Without a doubt, Henry was definitely powerful and terrifying. But at the same time, his menace made everyone shudder.

Bryant and the other Wallaces looked at Henry in fear, not daring to breathe at all, afraid that they would incur the wrath of the grief-stricken Henry, who had just lost his apprentice and might vent all his anger on them.

After all, Nolan had died because Bryant wanted to take revenge for Liam.

“No matter who killed my apprentice, I will chop him up into pieces!” Henry hollered furiously with clenched fists.

Henry suddenly turned around and stared at Bryant. “My apprentice died helping you try to kill that bastard Lucas Gray.”

Bryant’s heart skipped a beat, and he gulped. Just as he was about to say something, Henry spoke again. “I want all the information about Lucas Gray within five minutes! If you dare to hide anything from me deliberately, don’t blame me for being ruthless!”

Then Henry picked up Nolan’s corpse from the ground and walked into the villa.

Standing at the entrance of the villa, Bryant and the others were full of anxiety.

Of course, he could immediately give Henry all the information they had found about Lucas, but there were many matters regarding Lucas that the Wallaces still couldn’t find out. If Henry got the wrong idea and took it that they were deliberately hiding things from him, there would be no way for them to explain themselves.

But this wasn’t exactly bad news for the Wallaces.

After learning about Nolan’s death, Henry was boiling with fury, and they knew that he would definitely personally go to avenge his apprentice. So Lucas would absolutely die without a doubt!

Elsewhere in Orange County at this moment, Lucas had just come out of a restaurant with Cheyenne, Amelia, and Charlotte after dinner.

The four of them had enjoyed a pleasant and heartwarming dinner. Charlotte looked at Cheyenne and Lucas and suddenly giggled. “Cheyenne, Lucas, do you two feel that it’s especially warm today?”

Cheyenne said in bewilderment, “No, the weather has been fine lately. And it’s been raining, so it’s not that warm now.”

Charlotte looked at Cheyenne, who answered her question seriously, and suddenly burst into laughter. “Cheyenne, you’re so cute. Don’t you realize that there are two large gooseberries beside you? My face is getting so warm! Am I right, Amelia?”

With that, she bent down and took the confused Amelia’s hand.

Only then did Cheyenne realize what Charlotte meant. She immediately felt ashamed and embarrassed as her cheeks became flushed. She chided in annoyance, “You... What nonsense are you saying? You’re going to lead Amelia astray!”

While speaking, she stole a glance at Lucas and happened to make eye contact with him, who was looking at her with a gentle and intense gaze.

Cheyenne's heart began racing, and she frantically looked away, but her face became even warmer.

Charlotte chuckled when she saw how shy Cheyenne was. Holding Amelia's hand, she suddenly asked, "Amelia, there's a movie theater nearby. Why don't I take you there to watch a movie?"

"Sure! I want to watch Mulan!" Amelia immediately cheered in joy when she heard that Charlotte was going to take her to the movies. Although she had already watched 'Mulan' a few times, she was still excited to watch it again.

Cheyenne immediately agreed, "Okay, I'll go buy the tickets then!"

Charlotte pulled Cheyenne and whispered in her ear, "Cheyenne, are you that dense? I specifically suggested taking Amelia to watch a movie because I want to let you spend some time alone with Lucas. Why don't you get it?"

"Charlotte, you... seriously!" Cheyenne finally realized what her sister was up to, and she couldn't help pinching her face embarrassedly. "Nonsense!"

Charlotte dodged it with a smile. "Cheyenne, don't you want to spend time alone with Lucas?"

Cheyenne was instantly stunned.

Lucas had a good sense of hearing. Even though they were whispering to each other, he could hear them clearly. When he heard the words 'some time alone', he couldn't help but be stunned.

Chapter 346: Alone Time

Cheyenne recalled carefully and realized that ever since she met Lucas, the two of them really hadn't spent much time alone together, let alone go out for shopping and vacations like other married couples and lovers would.

When they had just gotten married, they didn't have any feelings for each other, so they almost never spoke to each other.

Since Lucas had returned, many various incidents had occurred, and now that both of them were quite busy with work, they rarely got to spend time together. Even after work or during the weekends, they would usually be with Amelia at home. So after thinking about it, she realized that they really hadn't spent much time alone together.

The thought of it made Cheyenne feel a little keen on the idea.

Charlotte naturally sensed it too, so she pushed Cheyenne toward Lucas smilingly. "Okay, it's quite lively around here. You guys enjoy yourselves tonight. Leave Amelia to me!"

Charlotte stuck her tongue out cheekily and took Amelia to the movie theater nearby. "Let's go watch Mulan, Amelia!"

Amelia skipped along merrily and turned around to look at Lucas and Cheyenne. "Huh? Isn't Daddy and Mommy coming with us?"

"Your Daddy and Mommy have some things to do, so we'll meet up with them after we watch the movie."

"Okay! Bye-bye, Daddy and Mommy. We'll look for you guys later!" Amelia even turned around to wave at Lucas and Cheyenne.

Soon, only Lucas and Cheyenne were left.

Cheyenne was still feeling a little shy because she still wasn't used to spending time alone with Lucas yet. Cheyenne, the otherwise resolute and decisive general manager of the Brilliance Corporation, looked just like an ordinary girl in love.

Lucas's heart melted, and he walked forward to take her hand naturally. "Let's go. Let's take a stroll around the streets here."

Cheyenne lowered her head and nodded gently, but she didn't pull her hand out of Lucas'.

Hand in hand, they both felt an unfamiliar but sweet, warm, and fuzzy feeling.

It was only about eight o'clock in the evening, which was when nightlife began. The streets were crowded with people coming and going, but Lucas and Cheyenne were particularly attractive, so they stood out from the crowd. Lucas was tall and handsome, while Cheyenne was petite and beautiful. They were turning heads along the way, and many people were staring at them enviously.

When they passed by an Ermenegildo Zegna men's clothing store, an extremely refined and sleek dark gray trench coat behind the glass window caught Cheyenne's eye.

She turned her head to look at the clothes that Lucas was wearing. Even though Lucas had an enormous amount of wealth and several large corporations under his name, he had never dressed lavishly and instead kept to low-profile outfits consisting mostly of clothes from cheap and ordinary brands.

Cheyenne suddenly thought of the fact that Lucas had contributed greatly to their family and often spent a lot of money on clothes, shoes, bags, and accessories for her and Amelia.

But when she thought about it carefully, she realized that she had never bought anything for Lucas.

The thought made Cheyenne feel a strong urge to buy the trench coat for Lucas.

Lucas had good proportions and stature, with a height of about 1.86 meters. He was in no way inferior to professional models, so Cheyenne felt that Lucas would definitely look stunning in the trench coat!

“Lucas, let’s go inside and take a look!” Cheyenne pulled Lucas toward the Ermenegildo Zegna store.

The two of them were walking toward the display window when they suddenly heard someone talking about them with a tone of surprise. “Hey, isn’t that Cheyenne Carter, the most beautiful girl of Orange County back in the day?”

The two stopped and looked around in search of the source of the voice. They saw a young woman dressed in luxurious designer clothing and holding a Givenchy lambskin clutch, standing about a few meters away from them. She seemed to be about 26 or 27 years old and had auburn, wavy locks, as well as a face full of exquisite makeup.

The man beside her was in his thirties and had slick, neatly combed hair. He was clad in a casual Armani suit with a Patek Philippe watch on his wrist, seeming wealthy.

The woman who just spoke was holding onto his wrist meekly, and she even deliberately stretched out her hand to show off the huge diamond ring on her finger.

From the looks of it, she should be an old acquaintance of Cheyenne.

But when Cheyenne saw her, there was no change in her emotion. On the contrary, she was a little cold and aloof as she merely answered indifferently, “Oh, it’s you, Rachelle George. It’s been a long time.”

She didn’t want to have anything to do with Rachelle at all, but since she ran into her here, it was inevitable that she had to greet her.

The moment the man beside Rachelle saw Cheyenne, his eyes gleamed with amazement.

After all, Cheyenne was just too gorgeous. Although Rachelle was pretty too, she paled greatly in comparison to Cheyenne, who made her seem tacky and unbearable to sight.

Staring at Cheyenne's small, delicate, and pretty face that hadn't changed at all from years ago, Rachelle couldn't help being a little envious.

"Cheyenne Carter, you used to be the school belle back in the day, and you went on to become hailed as the most beautiful girl in Orange County. You enjoyed so much glory! But I heard that you ended up marrying a lowly chauffeur, right? Is it because of the scandal that spread like wildfire throughout the county back then? From the way I see it, there was actually no need for you to marry him. In this day and age, it's not necessary to marry a man just because you slept with him!

"I heard that that man comes from a poor family and has nothing to his name. What were you after when you married him? Ah, it's such a pity that you lost contact with the rest of our classmates a long time ago. I couldn't find you no matter how hard I tried! Quick, tell me. How are you and your husband now? Have you gotten a divorce yet?"

Rachelle sounded like she was feeling unjust for Cheyenne, but she was actually rubbing salt into Cheyenne's wounds and trying to mock her. She even deliberately increased the volume of her voice when she said the words 'scandal' and 'slept with him'.

Her voice was rather loud to begin with, and it immediately drew the attention of the many people around them, who cast gazes of curiosity, malice, and disdain at Cheyenne.

Chapter 347: Snatching for the Sake of It

Cheyenne's expression was sullen, and she didn't want to speak to this woman who harbored great animosity against her. Instead, she said coldly, "I have something to do now. Let's talk some other time!"

With that, she took Lucas's hand and tried to walk away from Rachelle.

But Rachelle exclaimed loudly as if she had just noticed that Cheyenne was holding Lucas's hand. "Cheyenne Carter, who is this man? He's dressed in such shoddy clothes. Surely he's not your husband, right? Is he..."

She deliberately chose not to finish her sentence, but this left a lot more to the imagination.

All of a sudden, several people looked at Lucas, and the gossipy ones even began speculating and making guesses about Cheyenne's relationship with Lucas. They naturally imagined countless erotic scenes.

Cheyenne was getting a little furious, and she subconsciously tightened her grip on Lucas's hand while saying with great determination, "He's my husband!"

"Huh? So he's really that lowly chauffeur embroiled in that hotel scandal with you six years ago... Is that so?"

Rachelle pretended to cover her mouth in surprise and said loudly, "Doesn't that mean that you've already been married for several years? Why does he still wear such shabby clothes? I almost thought that he was a servant or chauffeur of your family!"

"Ah, I almost forgot again. I heard that the Carters have declined and almost went bankrupt a while ago. I reckon you can no longer afford to hire a chauffeur or servants, huh?! In that case, it seems the two of you are quite compatible with each other!"

Rachelle covered her mouth while giggling.

The smile she was constantly wearing on her face made it hard to imagine that she would make such derogative and sarcastic remarks.

After saying all of this, Rachelle tried to rub it in further, as if she hadn't upset Cheyenne enough. She leaned against the man whose arm she was holding and acted all chummy and loving with him. She said flauntingly, "Oh, I almost forgot to introduce you. This is my fiancé, Daniel Devine. Despite being so young, he's already become a business manager of the Feather Corporation, and he draws a six-figure annual salary!"

Rachelle looked extremely proud and conceited, as if she had found an impressive trophy husband.

Moreover, the man named Daniel Devine raised his chin with a great sense of superiority.

"Heh." Lucas couldn't help chuckling when he saw this.

He just chuckled a little because her words amused him. But in Daniel's opinion, Lucas was mocking him.

Daniel lost his temper and pointed at Lucas. "Punk, what are you laughing at?"

Lucas didn't want to bother with the two of them at first because they were just dimwits in his opinion. But even the most good-tempered person wouldn't be able to tolerate someone pointing a finger and insulting them in the face. Moreover, Lucas wasn't a good-tempered person to begin with.

Seeing tension begin to build up between the two, Cheyenne pinched Lucas's hand gently and tried to make peace because she didn't want the matter to blow up further, as that would reflect badly on all of them. "Forget it. Let's not bother with such people. Don't let them affect your mood."

Lucas always respected Cheyenne's opinion. So after hearing what she said and recalling that she had openly declared that he was her husband when she stood up for him just now, he immediately felt that nothing could affect his pleasant mood.

This was the first time that Cheyenne had openly said that he was her husband and the first time they were on a proper date with each other. So Lucas didn't want such awful things to ruin both his and Cheyenne's mood.

After glancing at Rachele and her fiancé coldly, Lucas said to Cheyenne, "Let's go and look at some clothes."

Then he held onto Cheyenne's hand and walked toward the display window they were looking at just now.

As soon as the two of them reached the window, a sales assistant in a black uniform with graceful mannerisms walked toward them and greeted them politely.

"Welcome to Ermenegildo Zegna. Is there anything you've set your sights on? You may try some of them on."

Cheyenne pointed at the dark gray trench coat she had just seen from the display window outside. "I'd like to have my husband try on this coat. Please take it down for me."

Perhaps because she had already called Lucas her husband just now, she could do it with great ease this time. Lucas couldn't help taking a few more glances at her with a tender gaze.

But after hearing Cheyenne's request, the sales assistant seemed to be put in a spot. "I'm really sorry, but this is an haute couture piece, and it's the one and only piece created. We can't allow anyone to try it on."

"Oh, I see." Cheyenne looked at the trench coat a few more times regretfully.

She had taken a liking to the trench coat at first glance when she saw it through the display window from outside the store. She felt that it would definitely suit Lucas well and make him look dashing. Yet she was now told that he couldn't try it...

"In that case, please wrap it up. I'm taking it." After some thought, Cheyenne decided to buy the trench coat without getting Lucas to try it on simply because she felt that Lucas

would look especially good in it. Besides, he had a standard figure that would fit most clothes, so she wasn't afraid that the coat would be ill-fitting.

Cheyenne took out her credit card from her purse and handed it to the sales assistant decisively.

"Alright! I'll wrap it up for you right away!" The sales assistant was so excited that her voice became a little high-pitched. Although the trench coat indeed had a particularly beautiful design, its price was staggeringly exorbitant, so many people were deterred by its price tag. Now that it had finally been sold, she could get a considerable sales commission.

Just when the sales assistant tiptoed to take the beautiful trench coat off the plastic mannequin, someone interjected, "Wait a minute! We'll take this trench coat!"

Rachelle and Daniel suddenly squeezed their way through to stand in front of Lucas and Cheyenne and commanded the sales assistant.

The sales assistant immediately seemed conflicted. She dawdled and said hesitantly, "I'm sorry, but this is an haute couture piece and the one and only one that has ever been created. It has already been bought by this mister and lady over here. Would you like to see other designs?"

Rachelle immediately rolled her eyes and said with displeasure, "Who bought it? They haven't paid for it, have they?"

Daniel chimed in, "Exactly. They haven't paid for it yet, so they haven't bought it!"

Cheyenne was so furious that she turned pale. *Rachelle George is clearly vying with me on purpose!*

She had already taken a fancy to this trench coat when she was looking at it earlier and had already decided to buy it. Yet Rachelle popped up out of nowhere and suddenly intervened by claiming that she wanted it too. She was obviously vying with Cheyenne for it.

Besides, the trench coat was long and would look better on tall men taller than 1.8 meters like Lucas. But Daniel seemed to be only slightly taller than 1.7 meters. The trench coat would be touching the ground and look awful on him.

Rachelle was clearly vying with Cheyenne for the sake of it and obviously trying to anger her!

Chapter 348: Discussion and Criticism

Back in college, Rachelle often competed with Cheyenne and vied with her in every way possible. Thus, Cheyenne had never liked Rachelle, but she didn't expect Rachelle still to be as hostile to her, even though more than six years had passed since they had graduated.

Even though Cheyenne was nice and good-tempered, she couldn't stand Rachelle's behavior anymore.

"Rachelle George, don't go too far!" Cheyenne hollered furiously.

Rachelle raised her curved and thin eyebrows and said with a smug and provocative expression, "Who's going too far? Do you own this store? We're all customers here to buy something. Who are you to say that this coat belongs to you? Besides, my fiancé and I came to this store before you did, and we've had our eyes on this trench coat for a long time. We wanted it first!"

She sounded extremely self-righteous when she said this.

Cheyenne ignored her and turned to ask the sales assistant, "Is it true they saw the trench coat and wanted to buy it before we did?"

With a polite smile on her face, the sales assistant shook her head and said to Rachelle, "I'm sorry, Miss. You didn't seem to say you wanted to buy this trench coat earlier, so..."

Rachelle harrumphed coldly. "I was here with my fiancé to shop for some clothes, and another assistant helped us, so of course you aren't aware that we liked it first! We did indeed decide to buy it first!"

The sales assistant blinked. In fact, she had been standing near Rachelle and Daniel the entire time. The two of them had never asked about the trench coat.

But as a sales assistant, she didn't want the customers to get into a heated argument in the store, so she continued to put on a professional and presentable smile before asking, "So, which sales assistant did you inform about your interest to purchase this trench coat? If she has promised to sell it to you first, I won't have the right to sell it to someone else."

Rachelle rolled her eyes. "There are so many sales assistants here. How can I remember which one of you it was? Besides, since I've said that I've already decided to buy it, it means that the sale was confirmed. Why are you asking so many questions? What does it have to do with you?"

After getting a harsh scolding for no reason, the sales assistant could no longer force herself to smile. Her professional smile faded a little, but she nevertheless tried to stay as polite as possible. "Miss, if you haven't confirmed your interest to purchase this

trench coat, the other customers in the store have the right to buy it. This is the rule of our store. I hope to seek your understanding.”

“You!” Rachelle’s face turned sullen after the sales assistant contradicted her. But she naturally wouldn’t argue with the sales assistant of a designer store like Ermenegildo Zegna because that would be too degrading.

Moreover, Rachelle didn’t forget that her enemy was not the sales assistant but Cheyenne, who was standing next to her.

So she soon targeted Cheyenne again. “Cheyenne Carter, are you sure you really want to vie with me for this trench coat? Ermenegildo Zegna isn’t a cheap brand that you can find in a random mall. It’s a top international luxury brand specializing in designer clothing for men. Each piece of clothing here costs at least a few thousand dollars. Do you think you can afford it?

“It’s not that I’m looking down on you, but the Carters are on the verge of bankruptcy. How can you still afford to buy clothes from this brand? Look. My fiancé is different. He’s a business manager of the Feather Corporation and draws a six-figure annual salary. He can easily afford luxury goods and designer wear. But what about you? You just have a good-for-nothing husband who freeloads off of you and even got married to you because of a disgraceful reason. The entire county knows about your scandal!

“If I were you, I’d be too embarrassed to even go out! Hmph, how dare you come here and compete with me for this trench coat? You’re not fit to do that.”

Rachelle had completely dropped her pretense and was extremely harsh with her words. Moreover, when she realized that many people around them were looking this way, she deliberately said in an even louder voice, “Speaking of which, most people in Orange County should know who this woman is, right?”

She pointed her finger at Cheyenne and said conceitedly, “She’s the most famous and beautiful Cheyenne Carter, who was embroiled in a scandal with her chauffeur at a young age six years ago. There were even lots of obscene photos and videos of the two of them circulated everywhere. Her reputation was ruined, and she disgraced her family terribly!

“The man standing next to her is that very chauffeur who slept with her back then and became her live-in husband. He sponges off her, and now, his wife has to pay for the trench coat because he can’t even afford his own clothes. Come on, everyone. Take a look at this distasteful couple. Aren’t they a match made in heaven?”

After hearing what Rachelle said, everyone started whispering among themselves.

“Wow, so this is the woman known as the most beautiful girl in the county back then! I used to hear about her all the time, but this is the first time I’ve seen her in person. She’s really quite pretty!”

“What’s the point of being pretty? Didn’t you hear what the other lady said? She’s a promiscuous woman who slept with her chauffeur in her early twenties. She’s obviously not a decent woman.”

“Hey, you can’t say that. She was already an adult at the time. What’s the big deal with sleeping with her lover? I don’t think there’s anything to be ashamed of.”

“In fact, it’s quite understandable. She was so pretty back then, but she ended up in a scandal with her chauffeur, who’s way inferior and unworthy of her at all. Of course, it would spark an outrage!”

“Who are those people to be dissatisfied? Even if Cheyenne Carter didn’t marry her chauffeur, they wouldn’t have stood a chance! Besides, I think her husband is quite handsome and tall. He’s not as bad as they make him out to be!”

...

It was past 8 p.m., which happened to be the time when many would go out for a stroll on the streets after dinner, so there were many people in the store.

Due to the fuss that Rachelle was kicking up, almost everyone in the store was staring at Lucas and Cheyenne while making all sorts of remarks about them.

Sensing their gazes and contempt, Cheyenne felt as if she had gone back to the darkest time of her life six years ago. She got the chills and wished that she could vanish right on the spot.

“Let... let’s go!” she suddenly said to Lucas while lowering her head a little.

Lucas gave Cheyenne’s hand a little squeeze and held it even more tightly.

After hearing the disdainful remarks coming from around them, Lucas was also extremely upset because he could imagine that Cheyenne must have heard those hurtful comments all the time in the past six years.

Deep down, he felt even more guilty and sympathetic toward Cheyenne.

Lucas put his arm around Cheyenne’s shoulder and pulled her into his embrace. He said seriously, “From now on, I will never let anyone bully you again!”

Chapter 349: Insufficient Limit

The warmth of Lucas's palm spread along Cheyenne's shoulder and to her heart, dispelling the emotional trauma that had been troubling her for years.

Cheyenne raised her head and looked into Lucas's eyes to see that it was full of a gentle gaze, making her feel extremely touched.

"Hubby..."

When Lucas heard Cheyenne address him with such an endearing term, his heart was full of sweetness and joy.

Unfortunately, now was not the time for them to express their love to each other because he had to deal with this abominable couple in front of them, who was trying to create trouble for them.

Lucas looked away from Cheyenne, and by the time his gaze landed on Rachelle, it had become ice cold.

The dauntingly cold gaze in Lucas's eyes startled Rachelle, and she couldn't help feeling intimidated as she subconsciously cowered behind Daniel.

But after thinking about it, she realized that she had already beat Cheyenne in the argument just now. Not only had she exposed Cheyenne's scandal in public to embarrass her, but she had also insulted her and vied with her for the trench coat!

All in all, she had already obtained a huge victory, and there was no need for her to stay here and argue with these two losers any longer.

"Honey, let's ignore them and leave after we buy the trench coat!" Rachelle said.

With a strange, triumphant smile on his face, Daniel pretended to be generous and took out a credit card from his wallet. He exclaimed loudly, "I'm buying this trench coat. Wrap it up for me now!"

With an indignant look on her face, Cheyenne was about to say something, but Lucas squeezed her hand comfortingly to calm her down.

The trench coat had been hanging on the mannequin, but Lucas had sharp eyesight and was tall enough to see the price tag on it. He already knew that the trench coat cost \$90,000.

He was certain that Daniel definitely wouldn't be able to afford it.

Although Rachelle had mentioned earlier that her fiancé, Daniel, had a six-figure annual income, she was naturally lying.

Even if Daniel was really a business manager of the Feather Corporation, his annual income should be less than a hundred grand.

As for how Lucas knew about the annual salary of the business managers of the Feather Corporation, it was naturally because he now owned all the businesses belonging to the Hales.

Although Lucas didn't know whether Daniel really worked at the Feather Corporation or not, he was well informed about the annual salaries of the business managers.

The \$90,000 trench coat was as much as Daniel made in a year, so Lucas was sure that he definitely couldn't afford it. Even if he had enough money, he wouldn't spend \$90,000 on a trench coat.

The smile on Lucas's face grew wider when he glanced at the Armani suit and Patek Phillippe watch that Daniel was wearing.

Next to Lucas and Cheyenne, Rachelle was disgruntled by the underwhelming reaction the two had over losing the trench coat.

She sneered and mocked them again. "Hmph, I knew long ago that you two can't afford this trench coat at all. Yet you still put up a pretense in front of me. Seriously!"

As soon as she said this, the sales assistant walked over with Daniel's credit card and said with a strange expression on her face, "Sir, I'm sorry, but your card has been declined because of an insufficient limit. Would you like to use another card or try a different payment method?"

"What? How is that possible?! My credit limit is fifty thousand. How can it be insufficient for a trench coat?" Daniel immediately hollered furiously.

Rachelle just mocked Lucas and Cheyenne for being too poor to afford the trench coat. But in the blink of an eye, they were put to shame by the sales assistant. With a sullen expression, Rachelle followed suit and questioned, "That's right. How is it possible for there to be an insufficient limit? Is there something wrong with your payment machine?"

After the sales assistant heard this, her smile faded. If it wasn't because of the company policy stating that all sales assistants had to smile and be polite to the customers, she would have long rolled her eyes at Daniel and Rachelle. *Why are you acting like wealthy people and showboating when you can't even afford the coat?!*

"Sir, Miss, this haute couture trench coat costs ninety thousand dollars, and it's the only piece available. There will not be any discounts, and your credit card limit is insufficient!"

After hearing the price of the trench coat, Daniel and Rachelle were both in disbelief, unable to believe their ears at all.

“How much? How much money did you say it costs?” they both asked in unison.

Full of disdain toward them, the sales assistant repeated, “Sir, Miss, this haute couture trench coat costs ninety thousand dollars!”

Rachelle and Daniel's faces stiffened immediately.

They both thought that the trench coat would cost merely a few thousand dollars. They didn't expect it to cost \$90,000!

The surrounding onlookers couldn't help laughing after seeing the expressions on their faces.

“Hah, it seems they can't afford it.”

“What a joke. They should look around and see where they are now. Ermenegildo Zegna is a top designer brand for men's clothing. Isn't it normal to pay tens of thousands for an haute couture piece?”

“Exactly. I saw them laughing at others just now, and I thought that they were really rich. I didn't expect them to be too poor to even afford it. This is hilarious!”

“Hahahaha, exactly! That said, I came here because that woman's voice caught my attention. I bet she didn't expect that she'd end up becoming the laughing stock!”

...

The laughter and mockery around them immediately made Rachelle's face turn even more gloomy, and she felt especially embarrassed and furious when she heard them say that she had brought it upon herself.

“Hmph, who says we can't afford it? My husband just took out the wrong card!” Rachelle retorted loudly while glowering at the people around her.

Then she secretly pinched Daniel's arm and urged him softly, “Honey, hurry up and take out that card of yours that has a balance of more than two hundred grand!”

When Daniel heard this, his face darkened.

He actually only had this one card, and he only had about \$50,000 to spare.

But he had once bragged to Rachelle about how wealthy he was and even claimed to have a few debit cards that each contained a few hundred grand. Now that Rachelle was asking him to take one out, Daniel was suddenly at a loss for words.

Seeing that Rachelle was still urging him to buy the trench coat, Daniel suddenly said with a look of disdain, "Forget it. This trench coat is hideous. It looks just like those cheap clothes sold at budget clothing stores. I wouldn't want it even as a gift. I can't believe it costs ninety thousand for this garbage. I don't want it anymore!"

Chapter 350: All Counterfeits

Daniel turned around to leave, but Rachelle had wanted to buy the trench coat with the intention of spiting Cheyenne in the first place. If they left now, it would mean that they admitted defeat in front of Cheyenne.

So she would make Daniel buy the trench coat regardless of what it took! "Honey, this is such a nice trench coat, and it really suits you well. It's simply made for you. Just buy it!"

In Rachelle's opinion, the trench coat might be a little too long for Daniel. But no matter what, she wanted to one-up Cheyenne and outdo her. Although \$90,000 wasn't a small sum of money, it wasn't like Daniel couldn't afford it, or so she thought. She felt that he had to buy it even if it was purely for the sake of her pride.

At this moment, Daniel's face was utterly gloomy. *This foolish woman can't even catch a hint! If I could afford a ninety-grand trench coat, I would have long gotten together with a younger and prettier woman. Why would I bother coaxing this dimwit?*

"Forget it. Let's go to Valentino next door! Only cheap idiots like them would shop at a cheap and low-class store like Zegna!" In order to get himself out of this awkward situation and leave with Rachelle, Daniel criticized the brand terribly.

But his words made all the people in the store, be it the sales assistants or the customers, glower at him.

He hadn't only undermined the brand by doing so, but he had also insulted all the customers shopping in the store.

"Who are you calling a cheap idiot?" A tall and muscular man walked over to block Daniel and glared at him hostilely.

"What a psycho. We're just minding our business while shopping here. Who offended you? Seems like you're the cheap and lowly one!"

"I've been wanting to say this long ago. This couple doesn't look like decent people at all. Now that they can't afford to buy the coat, they decided to undermine and criticize the brand. They even took it out on us! They must be lunatics."

...

Many people glared at Daniel with either anger or contempt in their eyes.

Only then did Daniel come back to his senses and realize that he had accidentally offended everyone here by saying that. So he frantically said, "Sorry! I'm sorry, everyone. I didn't mean to insult you. I was referring to this punk. He's the cheap idiot!" He pointed his finger directly at Lucas.

Lucas narrowed his eyes slightly.

But before he could say anything, a tall uniformed young man walked toward them with a cold and austere expression. He was wearing a 'store manager' nameplate on his chest, evidently the store manager of this Zegna store.

"Sir, did you just say that all the clothes sold at Zegna are low class?" the store manager questioned sternly.

Seeing that the store manager had come over too, Daniel immediately felt a little scared. But he soon thought of the business mantra 'the customer is king' and raised his chin arrogantly. "Yes, that's exactly what I said. So what?"

The store manager wasn't a pushover, especially when the brand he worked for was insulted. He had to come forward and stand up for the brand. "Sir, you called our brand low class, but you can't even afford a trench coat that costs ninety thousand dollars. Who are you to make such remarks about our clothing?"

"You!" Daniel was instantly rendered speechless, but he soon pointed at the clothes he was wearing and barked out of anger and embarrassment, "Who said that I can't afford to pay for a ninety-grand trench coat? Look at this suit I'm wearing. It's from Armani's high-end collection, Armani Prive, and costs a few hundred grand!"

"And this Patek Philippe watch I'm wearing also costs a few hundred grand. Since I can afford these, I'm obviously a millionaire. How can I possibly be unable to afford that trench coat?"

As Daniel spoke, he even deliberately showed off the logos of his clothes and watch to everyone.

Only then did the onlookers notice that Daniel was dressed in high-end luxury brands from head to toe.

Everyone knew that Patek Philippe watches had exorbitant prices. Moreover, the Armani Prive suit was haute couture, so it was naturally expensive.

After Daniel 'flaunted his wealth', the people around them were dumbfounded, especially the brooding store manager.

Suddenly, Lucas laughed and giped, "Many people may not wear high-end designer wear, but they at least wouldn't wear knockoffs, unlike someone over here all decked out in counterfeit luxury clothing!"

It was obvious what Lucas meant by making this remark.

Everyone wondered if it meant that all the items that Daniel just showed off were knockoffs.

Many people couldn't help looking at Daniel again.

Rachelle immediately lashed out at him. "You're just a penniless man who can't even afford designer wear and sponges off your wife. How can you tell the difference between genuine goods and counterfeits? Don't spout nonsense!"

Lucas glanced at her and smiled without responding. Instead, he pointed at the Armani logo on the cuff of Daniel's suit. "I reckon all of us here knows that the head of the eagle in Armani's logo is facing right. But the eagle head in the logo on your suit is facing left, which is obviously wrong.

"Also, there's a model number engraved on the back of the dial in the form of a ring. But almost all genuine Patek Philippe watches, except for a very few limited-edition models, don't have any model numbers or logos engraved on the back of the dial!

"So, why don't you tell us a little bit about what kind of high-end luxury goods your clothes and watch are?"

Lucas's identification was spot-on.

Ordinary people might not be able to distinguish between authentic luxury goods and replicas, but the vast majority of the customers now standing in the Ermenegildo Zegna store were experienced buyers of luxury goods. So as soon as Lucas pointed it out, they knew that Lucas was stating facts.

All of a sudden, everyone shifted their gazes onto the cuffs of Daniel's suit and his 'Patek Philippe' watch to scrutinize the details that Lucas mentioned.

After all, their eyesight wasn't as good as Lucas', and when Daniel was showing off just now, they didn't manage to take a close look in time.

Daniel's face turned pale, and he clenched his jaw with all his might while subconsciously hiding the cuff of his suit and his watch.

He was simply revealing what he intended to hide. He clearly had a guilty conscience! Everyone could tell that these so-called expensive 'luxury goods' that Daniel was wearing were definitely counterfeit!

"Oh my god, he's dressed in knockoffs from head to toe, and yet he has the cheek to claim that his outfit is worth a few hundred thousand! How shameless!"

"Exactly. Fancy him claiming that his suit and watch are worth a few hundred grand each. He was just blowing his trumpet!"

"Hahaha, such an embarrassment. It's hilarious!"

...

Everyone began laughing and mocking Daniel. Well, he had himself to blame for showing off his apparel, only to be exposed for wearing counterfeits.

All of a sudden, Daniel's face turned extremely sullen. He had never been so embarrassed before, and he wished he could dig a hole and jump right into it!

Chapter 351: A Slap

Rachelle, who had just been bragging about her fiancé proudly, was dumbfounded at this point.

Indeed, she wasn't aware of Daniel's exact financial situation. But he would show off to her all the time by boasting about clinching major business deals and obtaining large commissions. He would also brag to her about casually spending tens of thousands of dollars in a single day, and from time to time, he would even give her luxury goods from big designer brands. Thus, Rachelle had always thought that she had found herself a wealthy fiancé and was really proud of herself for it.

But now that Daniel was exposed for wearing counterfeit luxury goods in front of everyone, Rachelle obviously couldn't accept it.

But while Rachelle was still dumbfounded and unable to come to terms with reality, the gazes of the crowd were cast on her again.

"Quick, look at the Givenchy sheepskin purse she's holding. It's counterfeit too! Even the brand on the logo is spelled wrong!"

"Look at her shoes. They're not genuine Gucci either. They're knockoffs!"

"The large diamond ring on her finger and the pearl necklace around her neck aren't genuine either!"

“Hahahaha, oh my gosh. They seem like rich people all decked out in designer clothing and accessories, but it turns out they’re all knockoffs. This is hilarious!”

...

Everyone continuously spotted more and more counterfeit goods on Rachelle as they scrutinized her, feeling as if they had discovered something incredible.

Furthermore, the counterfeits they were wearing were all low-grade knockoffs, on which the logos were incorrect and brand names misspelled. With such clear and obvious flaws, they could all tell that the items were all fakes even without professional authentication by experts.

Rachelle and Daniel had been reduced to the laughing stock of everyone present!

Rachelle was embarrassed and furious. Some of the items she was wearing were indeed replicas she had bought to pretend like she was rich. But she didn’t expect that even the gifts from Daniel, which she had thought were high-end luxury goods, were counterfeit products too!

Although she was boiling with fury, she knew that it wasn’t the right time to confront Daniel and thrash things out with him now. So she suppressed her anger and tried to draw everyone’s attention to Cheyenne, who was standing by the side quietly.

“Cheyenne Carter, you bitch, you must be feeling pretty smug now, huh!?! Let me tell you, even if I’m not wearing authentic designer goods now, I’m still a thousand times better than a promiscuous woman like you!

“You just use your pretty face to seduce men, and you won’t even spare a lowly chauffeur of your family. You slept with him and got embroiled in a scandal that made you the talk of the town back then. You’re just a shameless, degenerate lowlife!

“Oh right, I almost forgot. Didn’t you also set up a company when you were in college? At the time, you were even lauded as a ‘beautiful CEO’. Oh, please! Everyone knows that your father isn’t blood-related to the Carters, so that makes you a bastard that even your grandfather dislikes. So, where did you get the money to set up your company? Who knows how many men you’ve slept with for money? Hmph, I find it too irksome to talk to someone as filthy as you!”

Rachelle glared at Cheyenne resentfully as she agitatedly slandered her and hurled countless insults at her. It was obvious that she had a strong hatred for Cheyenne. She was acting as if Cheyenne had killed her family!

Cheyenne was dumbfounded!

She never thought that someone could be so vicious, especially since she thought she hadn't offended Rachelle in any way. She couldn't figure out why Rachelle felt so much animosity toward her!

Rachelle is a woman herself. How could she bring herself to say such uncouth things and slander me so maliciously?

Cheyenne's face was pale, and she was so livid that she began trembling.

Smack!

Suddenly, an extremely loud and crisp slap interrupted Rachelle's incessant insults and slanders.

The hard impact of the slap made Rachelle cock her head toward the side uncontrollably before losing her balance and falling to the ground. One side of her face soon became red.

"If you dare to insult her again, I'll rip your lips off!" Lucas's gaze was like a sharp dagger as he looked down at Rachelle coldly. The look in his eyes was extremely terrifying, and he looked as if he was trying to stab her with them.

At this moment, Lucas was exuding a terrifying, murderous aura that made everyone else shudder.

The woman on the ground had repeatedly humiliated and mocked Cheyenne, which was already beyond the bottom line of Lucas's tolerance.

Cheyenne and Amelia were the people whom Lucas cared about the most. He would never let anyone bully them again!

The reason he had been tolerating it was because he didn't want a wench like Rachelle to disrupt his date with Cheyenne. After all, they rarely had the chance to spend some time alone with each other.

Yet Rachelle went overboard and took things too far by insulting and smearing Cheyenne. Lucas wouldn't be a man if he could tolerate letting his wife get bullied in such a manner!

Cheyenne stared at Lucas in shock, but she gradually felt touched and blissful.

Lucas had defended her and protected her umpteenth times. Although Lucas had slapped Rachelle, Cheyenne somehow felt extremely at ease, and her heart was full of an indescribable warm and fuzzy feeling.

“You... you scoundrel, how dare you hit me?” Rachelle, sitting on the ground, hollered furiously with one hand on her face. In her opinion, Cheyenne’s husband was just a penniless good-for-nothing who freeloaded off her. Yet she was slapped by him!

Watching Cheyenne and Lucas hold each other’s gazes lovingly, while Daniel was just standing at the side cowardly even after seeing that she had gotten slapped by Lucas, Rachelle was even more enraged and full of envy!

She was just about to curse her heart out, but Lucas glared at her ruthlessly and coldly again, causing her to shut up instantly. *This man’s gaze is so terrifying!*

Everyone around them fell silent for a moment as Lucas handed his credit card to the dumbstruck sales assistant standing next to him. He said indifferently, “Since they can’t afford this trench coat, we’ll take it. There’s no issue with that, right?”

“Huh? Oh, okay!” The stunned sales assistant recovered from the trance that she had slipped into for a long time. She hurriedly said, “No problem. I’ll process the payment and wrap the trench coat up for you!”

Cheyenne’s lips moved slightly, but she didn’t end up saying anything.

She had initially planned to buy the trench coat as a gift for Lucas, but after hearing that it cost \$90,000, Cheyenne knew that she wouldn’t be able to afford it.

She had basically handed all her savings from her salary to Karen previously, and she had only become the general manager of the Brilliance Corporation a short while ago. So she didn’t have much cash in hand and could only let Lucas pay for it.

But Cheyenne secretly decided that she had to get Lucas a gift no matter what.

The store manager, who was standing behind them, exclaimed in shock when he saw the card Lucas handed the sales assistant. “Black Diamond Card?!”

Chapter 352: Threat and Coercion

As the manager of a store of Zegna, a leading international brand in luxury menswear, he had naturally gone through professional training in various aspects. In particular, he had specifically learned to identify emblems, logos, and symbols associated with top tycoons.

Although the store manager had never seen a legendary Black Diamond Card, which was said to be internationally recognized and also a symbol of supreme status, he had seen photos of them. So he could immediately recognize it when Lucas took it out.

At the same time, the store manager was astounded because he was aware of the rarity of a Black Diamond Card—there were less than 200 cards ever issued and distributed

all over the world. Yet the young man in front of him managed to possess one. Clearly, his status was far beyond his imagination!

He wasn't the good-for-nothing and freeloader that Rachelle accused him of being!

The store manager didn't dare to make any more guesses, for fear that he might anger Lucas, this distinguished customer. Immediately afterward, he hurriedly took out from his pocket a membership card made of pure gold, bent forward, and handed it to Lucas with both hands respectfully. "Dear honored guest, welcome to Zegna menswear. This is our gold membership card, which represents the highest membership level of our brand. With it, you will be entitled to a twenty percent discount in any Zegna store worldwide. Please accept it!"

Lucas couldn't help glancing at the store manager a few more times. He was smart enough not to reveal Lucas's identity and instead handed him a membership card with the utmost respect, which would draw the relationship between the two of them a little closer. The store manager could really be considered a smart person.

"In that case, thank you." Lucas took the gold membership card and thanked him politely.

"Hah, don't be fooled by him. I refuse to believe that he can afford to pay for this trench coat. He better not think he can fool us with a random card!" Daniel, standing at the side, suddenly said to the store manager.

Given the level of his status, Daniel naturally couldn't recognize the Black Diamond Card. He merely thought that the store manager was deliberately mocking him and out to embarrass him by giving Lucas the gold membership card under the mistaken belief that Lucas could afford the trench coat! *This stupid store manager should really think about it carefully. Lucas Gray is dressed so shabbily, so how can he afford to buy that ninety-thousand-dollar trench coat?*

After being insulted and mocked just now, Daniel decided to go all out. Since he had already become a laughing stock and was thoroughly embarrassed, he wanted to drag someone down with him!

Lucas was naturally the perfect target!

"Hah, punk, if the sales assistant informs you later that your card limit is insufficient too, you'd better not say that you've lost your other card or left it at home! I don't want to hear excuses like the coat doesn't fit or you don't like it. Of course, you might try to flee by claiming that you need to use the restroom! Hmph, let me tell you, you can't hide these tricks from me!" Daniel said smugly.

Lucas merely glanced at him indifferently and gibed, "Oh, no wonder you were so natural and skillful with pulling those tricks earlier. It seems that you've already tried all of them!"

"You!" Daniel's face instantly turned red, and sounds of unrestrained laughter came from the people around him.

Well, Daniel only had himself to blame for using those tricks before.

"Punk, let's see if you can continue laughing and being so stubborn later!" Daniel cursed furiously.

At this moment, the sales assistant who served Lucas had already returned from the cashier counter. With an extremely warm smile, she handed a shopping bag containing the trench coat, which had been wrapped up nicely, to Lucas with both hands. After Lucas took it, she handed the Black Diamond Card and gold Zegna membership card to Lucas with both hands.

"Sir, congratulations on your purchase of this haute couture trench coat. The original price was ninety thousand dollars. After the twenty percent discount you're entitled to with the gold membership card, the price you paid is seventy-two thousand dollars! This trench coat suits you very well. Your wife has great taste in clothes!"

Lucas turned to face Cheyenne. They both smiled while exchanging glances, both feeling the affection they had for each other.

In a drastically different mood from them, Daniel immediately seemed to be in great disbelief after hearing what the sales assistant said.

"Impossible! This guy is a freeloader through and through! How can he possibly afford to buy such an expensive trench coat?! I refuse to believe it!" Daniel hollered furiously and suddenly glanced at the clearly displeased store manager. He immediately came to a sudden realization.

"Ah, I get it now. You're disgruntled because I said that Zegna is a low-class brand, so you deliberately colluded with this bastard to stage this act in front of everyone just so you can put me to shame, didn't you? Speak up. Are you deliberately making this scoundrel look good to get back at me?"

Daniel's imagination was really rich, and he was too self-righteous. In fact, he even seemed delusional and paranoid for thinking that everyone wanted to harm him.

If he and Rachelle hadn't taken the initiative to make Cheyenne and Lucas look bad time and time again, the latter wouldn't have bothered with them.

If it wasn't because he couldn't afford to pay for the trench coat but was afraid of embarrassing himself, he wouldn't have called Zegna a low-class brand and offended the store manager.

Daniel and Rachelle had brought all of this upon themselves, but Daniel chose not to reflect on himself and simply felt that others were deliberately playing tricks to harm him.

The store manager had seen plenty of people like Daniel. He frowned and said hostilely, "Sir, I'm sorry, but you're intentionally causing a commotion in our store, and we do not welcome nuisances like you. Please leave immediately!"

After being insulted and put to shame by the relentless store manager, Daniel flew into a rage and bellowed, "I'm a business manager of the Feather Corporation, which owns this entire street! You're just a mere store manager. How dare you chase me out? Once I leave this place, I'll make sure to get this Zegna store kicked out of this street immediately! Do you believe I will do what I say?"

Daniel tried to pressure the store manager with the Feather Corporation, and the store manager immediately looked even more hostile.

Everyone knew that the Feather Corporation was the business of the Hales, one of the four greatest families in Orange County. If they offended a senior-level employee of the Feather Corporation, this Zegna store might really be chased out of the street...

Although he was the store manager in name, he was actually just a senior-level salaried employee responsible for only one of the countless Zegna branches located all over the world.

In fact, even if this store was made to relocate elsewhere, it wouldn't affect the business much. But the money spent on renovations and other expenses would go to waste.

More importantly, Zegna was one of the top internationally-renowned luxury menswear brands in the world. If something like that happened, it would severely affect the image of the brand. As a mere store manager, he definitely couldn't afford to take responsibility for that!

"Hah, you want to go against me, huh? Let's see if you have the ability!"

Seeing the store manager turning gloomy without saying anything, Daniel couldn't help becoming even more smug and arrogant as he glared at Lucas haughtily.

He taunted, "Punk, you actually had the audacity to lay a hand on my woman just now. If you kneel down obediently and apologize to me for your mistake now, I'll consider letting you off the hook. Otherwise, I'll make sure you face consequences that you can't afford!"

Chapter 353: A Phone Call

Lucas found Daniel's arrogance and foolishness absolutely ridiculous, so he smirked derisively.

"Hmph, what are you laughing at?" Daniel was enraged, but he soon thought of something else and raised his head proudly. "Hah, I almost forgot. You're just a penniless lowlife. I'm afraid you don't know how powerful the Feather Corporation is, do you? Let me tell you, the Feather Corporation belongs to the Hales, one of the four most powerful families in Orange County. You will never climb high enough to reach their level!

"Now that you've offended me, it is tantamount to offending the Feather Corporation. I heard that the Carters are on the verge of bankruptcy. If you don't kneel down immediately, apologize to me, and beg me for forgiveness, I'll make a phone call now, and the Carters will be driven out of Orange County! Do you understand?"

Daniel's expression was extremely haughty and condescending, as though he was the person with the highest authority in the Hales' business. He seemed to be saying, 'Let those who comply with me thrive and those who resist me perish'.

Lucas looked at Daniel like he was a fool and simply called someone, as he no longer wanted to waste any time with such a stupid person.

The call was soon answered.

"Good evening, Mr. Gray! How may I help you?" Bruce Hale asked respectfully.

Lucas said, "Please check if there's a business department manager named Daniel Devine in the Feather Corporation."

Bruce Hale was stunned for a moment, but he quickly agreed, "Yes, I'll have someone check it out right now. I'll give you an answer within three minutes!"

Lucas expressed assent and was about to hang up the phone when Bruce suddenly asked, "Mr. Gray, did Daniel Devine offend you?"

Bruce was extremely cautious when asking this question. Being an intelligent and experienced businessman already in his seventies, he could hear the slight trace of displeasure in Lucas's voice just now.

Lucas sneered. "It's just a trivial matter. This person has been throwing his weight around and kicking up a fuss in the Zegna menswear store in the downtown area. He even wanted me to kneel down and apologize to him, threatening that he would get the Hales to destroy the Carters if I didn't comply. Mr. Hale, I didn't know that there was such a person who commands high authority under your family."

"Bastard! Who does he think he is? How dare he go around threatening others in our name?!" Bruce flew into a rage immediately, and his mustache even curled up because of how furious he was. He hurriedly promised Lucas, "Mr. Gray, I guarantee that I'll fire him, along with anyone related to him, if we find out later that he indeed works for the Feather Corporation!"

"Okay." Lucas acknowledged casually and hung up.

Daniel was standing near Lucas, so he naturally heard what he said, especially the words 'the Hales' and 'Mr. Hale', which made it look like he was communicating directly with the helmsman of the Hales.

But Daniel was not scared at all because he didn't think that Lucas had the ability to communicate directly with the helmsman of the Hales. Even he wasn't fit enough to speak to the successor of the Hales, let alone Lucas, whom he thought was a good-for-nothing.

"Oh, I couldn't tell that you're such a good actor! Hah, after hearing me mention that the Feather Corporation belongs to the Hales, you pretended to speak to the helmsman of the Hale family. You're just trying to scare me, aren't you? I'm afraid you don't even know what the helmsman of the Hale family looks like!"

Daniel began mocking Lucas while his fiancée Rachelle, who had gotten up from the ground long ago, stood beside him and chimed in.

"Cheyenne Carter, I think your husband might as well be an actor since he's so good at acting. Well, at least he can make a decent living off his acting chops! He makes it seem so realistic, but I bet the helmsman of the Hale family doesn't even know who he is!"

Cheyenne ignored both of them and simply glanced at them coldly.

She knew that Lucas had always hidden his identity and kept a low profile. He would never put on an act to make himself seem superior. Since he mentioned the Hales, she knew that he must have called Bruce Hale.

But Cheyenne was also a bit curious about the relationship between Lucas and Bruce.

The reason being was that Lucas sounded like he was giving Bruce an order instead of requesting his help in checking the information about Daniel. It was as though Lucas was Bruce's superior.

The Zegna store manager turned around and looked at Lucas. He certainly wouldn't be as stupid as Daniel and think that Lucas was just putting on an act.

After all, there were not many people who could possess a Black Diamond Card. At the very least, even the helmsman of the Hales wouldn't be qualified to own one.

This just meant that Lucas's status was far superior, and the person who picked up just now was Bruce Hale!

After figuring this out, the store manager stopped feeling worried and was much more relieved.

He believed that as long as the Hales knew about this and were aware that Daniel had offended Lucas, there was no way Daniel could use the power of the Hales to make them move the store away from this street.

Daniel began to get annoyed. He was initially expecting to see Lucas kneeling on the ground and begging for mercy. But to his surprise, Lucas merely stood still in a relaxed manner without saying anything after making that call. He didn't take him seriously at all!

"Scoundrel, what are you pretending for? I don't have the time to play such tricks with you! I've already said, just kneel down now and apologize to me and my fiancée. I will then spare you. Otherwise, just get ready to see the Carters get destroyed!"

"No one in Orange County can get away with offending the Hales!" Daniel said arrogantly.

All of a sudden, someone at the side said furiously, "Bastard! Who gave you the audacity to throw your weight around here in the name of the Hales? How dare you offend Mr. Gray?"

1

This voice sounded somewhat familiar to Daniel. He turned around with a frown, only to meet a pair of angry eyes!

Daniel was no stranger to the owner of these eyes. The instant that he saw him, Daniel got the chills and immediately had a look of horror on his face!

Daniel's jaw dropped, and countless drops of sweat immediately seeped out of his forehead. He stammered, "M-Mr. Hale! W-why are you... suddenly here?"

The person who arrived was none other than Connor, the only successor of the Hale family!

Chapter 354: Give You An Explanation

As the most outstanding heir of the Hales and the most promising successor, Bruce had long decided to make Connor the next helmsman.

In other words, after Bruce passed away or stepped down from his position as the head of the family, Connor would be the one to take over.

Thus, Connor wasn't someone that could be offended!

But just now, Connor seemed to have heard what Daniel said and even hollered at him. Now, there was huge trouble!

Daniel was full of panic while thinking about how to make up for it. But Connor pushed him away, walked straight toward Lucas, and said respectfully, "Mr. Gray, I'm very sorry. I was late and couldn't receive you in time. Please forgive me!"

Lucas was a little bewildered. He had just given Bruce a call less than two minutes ago, yet Connor was already here in front of him, which was really quick.

Seemingly having seen through Lucas's doubts, Connor hurriedly explained, "I happened to be downtown today for a meeting with a client. I just received Grandpa's call, so I rushed here immediately!"

There was still some cold sweat on his forehead. God knows how frightened he was when Bruce called him just now to say that Lucas had encountered some trouble in the downtown area close to where he was!

Since the previous incident in the Hale residence, followed by the death of Logan Hale, Connor had been full of scruples and fear toward Lucas. He was afraid that he might accidentally offend him.

Since Connor had arrived, Lucas said, "Have you checked this man's profile?"

He was naturally referring to the matter of Daniel claiming to be a business manager of the Feather Corporation.

Connor glanced at Daniel, who was drenched in sweat, and said with disgust, "This person's father, Elias Devine, is indeed a business manager of the Feather Corporation, but Daniel Devine has nothing to do with the Hales!

"This man was just using the Hales' authority to throw his weight around and act tyrannically. I'll definitely give you an explanation, Mr. Gray!"

Thud!

After Daniel heard what Connor said, his face paled. He could no longer hold back as his legs went limp, and he fell on his knees immediately.

Seeing how subservient Connor was to Lucas, Daniel could tell that something was amiss.

Lucas clearly had a higher status than Connor!

Lucas Gray wasn't acting on the phone! Feeling as if he had been struck by an immense blow, Daniel was full of regret and wished that he could turn back time to more than ten minutes ago so that he could strangle himself to death! *What have I done?!*

Lucas didn't bother to pay attention to Daniel. Instead, he said, "I'll leave everything here to you then. I'll get going now."

Connor hurriedly said, "Yes, Mr. Gray. Don't worry. I will handle it well! Take care!"

He bent forward slightly and only straightened his back again when he saw Lucas leave with Cheyenne hand in hand.

Connor's respectful and deferential attitude made everyone else around him astonished.

As an esteemed direct descendant and the successor of the Hales, Connor was a powerful figure in Orange County. The fact that he was so subservient toward Lucas made them inevitably wonder how terrifying Lucas was!

Unfortunately, Lucas had already left, and they didn't dare to ask Connor about Lucas's identity.

As for Rachele and Daniel, who had claimed earlier that Lucas was a penniless good-for-nothing and a freeloading live-in son-in-law who had gotten embroiled in a scandal with Cheyenne, they now seemed like fools in the eyes of the people around them. Everyone merely thought of their words as nonsense.

Connor glanced at the troublemaker Daniel with great disgust and said coldly, "Notify the human resource department of the Feather Corporation to dismiss Elias Devine immediately!"

Daniel's body trembled violently, and he hurriedly crawled forward. He then hugged Connor's calf and pleaded, "Mr. Connor, I know I was wrong! I shouldn't have used the Hales' status and assumed my father's position to spout nonsense! I won't dare to do it again. Please don't dismiss my father. He doesn't know anything about this and has nothing to do with it!"

Connor kicked Daniel away and said with disgust, "It's his mistake to have failed to take his son in hand and let you lie to others that you're in the position that he holds! Also, I'm going to warn you one last time. If you've merely offended the Hales, you might have a chance to survive. But you're digging your own grave by offending Mr. Gray!"

Connor was not only warning Daniel but also everyone else present.

After hearing what Connor said, everyone in the store seemed horrified because he clearly meant that Lucas had a higher status than the Hales!

Daniel collapsed onto the ground in despair.

Connor's words were undoubtedly the nail in the coffin of the decision to have his father dismissed from the company. No one could change it!

His father was the sole breadwinner of the family, and the high income he earned as a business manager of the Feather Corporation was the reason the family could live in luxury. Once his father was dismissed by the Hales, it would be impossible for him to find another well-paying job in Orange County.

If that happened, their livelihood would be gone, and Daniel would have no means to pay for the mortgage and loan of the house and car that his father had just bought for him!

Daniel completely slipped into despair, and he was even more worried that his father might break his legs after finding out that he was the troublemaker!

Rachelle's heart was ricocheting, and she was so nervous that she couldn't even breathe. Only after Connor left did she relax completely and sit down beside Daniel dejectedly.

"How is it possible... Her husband is clearly a lowly chauffeur and a good-for-nothing who sponges off her..." Rachelle muttered to herself like she was in a trance.

After hearing her voice, Daniel suddenly flew into a rage and slapped Rachelle hard on her face. "It's all your fault, you bitch! If you hadn't gone to stir trouble and spout nonsense, how could I have ended up offending Mr. Gray? Great. Now you've caused my father to lose his job! I'm going to beat you to death, you jinx!"

Daniel had a menacing expression as he vented all his anger on Rachelle by punching and kicking her mercilessly. He hit Rachelle so hard that she placed her arms over her head and screamed loudly while begging for mercy.

Chapter 355: Sweet Time Together

Usually, most people would intervene when encountering such incidents because a man hitting women was deplorable.

But everyone in the store merely stood around them and watched coldly. No one intended to go forward to pull Daniel back and stop him.

They had all witnessed everything that happened just now, and they felt that Rachelle and Daniel deserved to be in their current plight. Both of them had problematic personalities and were just dogs biting each other now. If they intervened, they might get themselves into trouble, so no one wanted to bother about their matters.

When Daniel finally had enough, he stopped hitting Rachelle and barked viciously, "Bitch, from now on, I have nothing to do with you! Don't ever show up in front of me again, or I'll beat you every single time I see you! Now, scram!"

After kicking Rachelle forcefully again, Daniel stormed out of the Zegna menswear store.

Meanwhile, Rachelle continued bawling her eyes out on the ground, her hair all messed up and unkempt. Her face had also become bruised and swollen after being hit by Daniel, and her exquisite makeup had long become smudged, making her look hideous.

But no one took pity on her.

The security guard of the Zegna store walked over and said coldly, "Ma'am, if you want to continue crying, please do so outside the store, lest you disturb the customers in our store!"

Rachelle could only get up on her own while cursing Daniel for lying to her and being a heartless and violent jerk.

She even wanted to curse Cheyenne and Lucas out of habit, but as soon as she thought about it, she recalled how terrifying Lucas was and the warning Connor had just given. So her words stopped in her throat, and she didn't dare to say anything.

Lucas and Cheyenne weren't aware of what happened here.

They had already put the unpleasant episode behind them and were now strolling and window shopping on the streets, hand-in-hand like a sweet couple in love.

It was a new and pleasant experience for them both.

The autumn breeze was still a little warm as it gently blew on them, making them feel calm and at peace.

But Cheyenne was still a bit surprised by the incident in the store.

She knew quite a lot about Lucas because he had told her everything about him some time ago when they were on the rooftop garden of the Intercontinental Hotel.

For example, she had learned that he was a descendant of the Huttons, one of the eight most powerful families in DC, as well as the fact that he was the leader of Falcon Regiment. She had also found out that he was the owner of the Stardust Corporation and many companies such as the Brilliance Corporation.

Furthermore, she also found out that he had impressive combat skills, and his subordinates were also just as good at fighting.

Lastly, she learned that Ethan Sawyer, the richest man in Orange County, had always looked at him in a different light and was very respectful toward him.

But she didn't expect that even the successor of the Hales would be so deferential to him.

In that case, among the four most powerful and wealthy families in Orange County, two were already subservient to him.

Coupled with the Stardust Corporation and the other companies he owned, she reckoned that he could be considered a powerful figure whom no one in Orange County dared to provoke.

But all of this was only a part of his identity and background that she knew. She wondered just how much more he was hiding from her.

For some reason, Cheyenne suddenly thought of Dominic Carter.

In the beginning, Dominic Carter was committed to developing the family's business empire and becoming more powerful at the expense of forgoing their kinship and familial ties. All he wanted was for the Carters to become one of the top families in Orange County, but he ended up angering Lucas by repeatedly bullying her. As a result, the Carters were pushed to the verge of bankruptcy on several occasions, and they had even declined to become a third-rate or even fourth-rate family.

If Dominic hadn't treated her and Lucas so terribly, the Carters would have probably become a top family a long time ago. They might have even joined the league of the current four most powerful families!

Cheyenne began to get a little lost in thought while pondering.

Lucas suddenly asked, "What's on your mind?"

Cheyenne came back to her senses and suddenly felt an urge to be playful as she mimicked a character from a TV show. "I was thinking, how much more is there to you that I don't know?"

Cheyenne had always been gentle and elegant, and she would rarely be playful and bubbly like the way she was behaving now.

Lucas's heart skipped a beat. *Cheyenne has let her walls down in front of me. That's why she's behaving out of the ordinary!*

In high spirits, he shook her hand a little and grinned. "In that case, I'll tell you. All the businesses that the Hales owned have become mine."

Cheyenne glared at him and chided, "I'm being serious with you, yet you're fooling me with such words!"

Lucas sighed speechlessly. "Hey, I'm being serious too. When have I ever dared to deceive you?"

Cheyenne smiled without saying anything else.

But she was extremely astonished.

She was just joking because she knew that Lucas wasn't a boastful person who would lie and brag to others. Since he said that the Hales' businesses had become his, she knew he definitely meant it.

She figured out why Connor, the next helmsman of the Hales, was so respectful to him.

She didn't know how he managed to do it, but she didn't want to ask him about it either. All she knew was that her husband was a powerful yet gentle person, and this was enough!

Upon seeing an ice cream parlor by the street, Cheyenne suddenly said, "Lucas, I suddenly want to eat ice cream!"

It was rare for Cheyenne to make such requests, so Lucas naturally obliged. He immediately walked over to join the line. After buying a large double-scoop cone of ice cream, he brought it to Cheyenne.

Cheyenne took the ice cream cone gleefully and began nibbling on it with great satisfaction.

Lucas stood next to her and gazed at her smilingly. The light from the street light casting on Cheyenne's face made her smile look incredibly alluring, and he suddenly felt a

sweet and peaceful feeling within him. He even wished that time would stop so that this moment could last forever.

Although he was just watching Cheyenne eat ice cream, the feeling in his heart was sweeter than ice cream.

“Here, do you want some?” Cheyenne suddenly extended her hand to place the ice cream cone in front of Lucas. She tilted her head slightly and looked at him with glistening eyes.

“Sure.” Without hesitation, Lucas took a small bite out of the ice cream cone she just ate.

The sweet and cold ice cream immediately melted in his throat, filling his heart with joy and bliss.

For the first time, Lucas found the taste of ice cream intoxicating. It was the most delicious ice cream he had ever eaten.

Seeing Lucas eat some ice cream, Cheyenne smiled with even more joy in her eyes as she moved the cone back and took another bite out of it without hesitation.

They took turns taking bites out of the ice cream and soon finished the entire cone.

After throwing the napkin wrapped around the bottom of the cone in the trash, they exchanged glances, both finding their actions a little childish yet intimate.

Lucas suddenly raised his hand and gently grazed his thumb past Cheyenne’s lips to remove the remaining ice cream on them.

Cheyenne suddenly blushed and abruptly turned her head away. She then said with obvious uneasiness and nervousness in her tone, “W-we should go meet up with Charlotte and Amelia now!”

Lucas’s eyes were instantly full of regret.

But they had already been window shopping for nearly two hours, and the movie Charlotte and Amelia had gone to watch should have already ended. So it was indeed time to meet up with them.

Although he and Cheyenne had only had a short two-hour date, it was the most relaxed and gleeful Lucas had ever been.

When the two of them returned to the entrance of the cinema, the movie happened to have ended, and Charlotte came out of the theater together with Amelia.

Amelia was still jumping up and down and talking to Charlotte about the movie they just watched. When she looked up and saw Lucas and Cheyenne standing nearby, she exclaimed in joy, "Daddy, Mommy!" She then pulled Charlotte along and dashed toward them.

As Lucas held Cheyenne's hand and looked at his lively and adorable daughter, his heart was brimming with joy. *What more can I ask for in life?!*

"Daddy, Mommy, too bad you didn't watch the movie with us! Mulan's parents were so loving, just like you and Daddy!"

While chatting happily with one another, they slowly made their way to the street together.

Suddenly, Lucas sensed several peculiar auras coming from behind them.

Lucas narrowed his eyes slightly.

These auras were not weak, and the people behind them had to be some major force or powerful family.

Lucas immediately thought of the Wallaces and the Kingstons from San Francisco.

After all, he had killed Liam Wallace, and just three hours ago, he had killed the killer sent by the Kingstons.

They definitely wouldn't give up just like that. Lucas was certain that they would continue to send more people to avenge them.

He didn't move and continued to stroll casually with Cheyenne, Charlotte, and Amelia as if he wasn't aware of their presence.

But two familiar figures suddenly appeared beside Lucas. After secretly nodding at him, they walked away like ordinary passersby.

They were none other than Wade and Stanley!

Wade was a famous underground boxing champion whom Lucas had instructed to protect Charlotte. And Stanley, as a former captain of the Falcon Regiment's assault team, was extremely strong and formidable. Lucas had summoned him back to Orange County to protect Cheyenne.

Thus, Wade and Stanley had actually been staying close to them during their outing today.

Now that Lucas noticed something obviously wrong, both Wade and Stanley, whose combat skills were far superior to that of ordinary experts, naturally also sensed that there were people tailing Lucas and his family.

At this time, it was almost 10 p.m. There were few pedestrians on the streets downtown now, and the streets were gradually becoming empty.

A killer tailing them tried to restrain his aura and hid behind a large garbage can outside a store.

While watching Lucas and the others, he tried to change his position again. But all of a sudden, a tall and lanky figure appeared in front of him, cornering him near the garbage can.

“Who are you?” the killer immediately shouted as his entire body instinctively entered a state of alert.

Without saying a word, Stanley slammed the side of his palm against the killer’s face.

“Ah!”

Stanley was naturally merciless as he struck the killer with all his might. The killer shrieked in pain and covered his face with his hand. Bright red blood began to flow out of his nostrils, trickling down the rest of his face. Stanley had broken his nose bridge.

Seeing that the situation of their peer wasn’t good, the other killers lurking nearby quickly came over to surround them. There were more than ten of them, each emitting a vicious and murderous aura.

Stanley sneered. Being a former captain of the Falcon Regiment, he had impressive combat skills that very few could rival, so he naturally didn’t feel threatened by these so-called ‘elite killers’.

Seeing the ten or so people approaching, the tall and brawny Wade, whose burly figure resembled a steel tower, suddenly appeared and coordinated well with Stanley to fight the killers.

They were both combat experts whose skills were several notches above that of so-called experts. Now that they were joining hands, the power of the punches and kicks they threw was even more explosive. Soon, they dominated the fight as they beat down these killers, causing them to shriek in pain. Before long, all of them collapsed and lay motionless on the ground.

Cheyenne could vaguely hear a few faint shrieks of horror from afar, and she couldn't help turning around to take a look worriedly.

"I... I think I heard sounds of... fighting?" Cheyenne said worriedly.

Lucas answered composedly, "It's probably the sound of the wind. Anyway, it's getting late now. Let's hurry up and take Amelia home!"

Looking at her delicate daughter, whose hand she was holding, Cheyenne immediately put these worried thoughts at the back of her mind. Since they were with Amelia now, there was no time to meddle with the affairs of others. It would be too silly to risk landing themselves in trouble and putting Amelia and Charlotte in danger.

Near the garbage can in the distance, Stanley walked toward the killer leading the group and stepped on his neck. He questioned in a deep voice, "Speak up. Who sent you? Why did you tail Mr. Gray?"

Only then did these killers realize that the two people in front of them were sent by the person they had been stalking! In other words, their actions had been exposed!

One of the killers next to him suddenly injected. His gaze was cold as he issued a threat. "Bastard, do you know who we work for? If you don't let us go, you will..."

Before the killer could finish speaking, Stanley swung his dagger and slashed the neck of the killer. The killer fell to the ground without making another sound. He placed his hand against the wound on his neck as blood gushed out. But in just a few seconds, he convulsed, and a large pool of blood formed under him.

This scene immediately made the pupils of the other killers constrict and their hearts pound violently. They were utterly stupefied.

The man in front of them had actually killed one of them without the slightest hesitation! Stanley's movements were swift, and he was resolute and merciless. Most importantly, Stanley was still keeping a straight face, as if he had just crushed a tiny ant. They realized that he seemed even better at killing people than them, even though they were seasoned, professional killers!

Fear and terror surged within them.

Even Wade, next to Stanley, looked at him in shock.

"I'll ask you one last time. Who sent you here? What were you planning to do to Mr. Gray?" Stanley stepped harder on the leader's body, causing the bones of his throat to creak and his eyes to roll backward.

By now, everyone was already scared out of their wits and frantically answered, "I'll say! We were sent by the Kingstons from San Francisco. To be precise, Henry Salve instructed us to come here and kidnap Mr. Gray before taking him back to the Wallaces' place!"

"The Kingstons? Henry Salve? Why do they want to kidnap Mr. Gray?" Stanley questioned with an icy cold gaze full of intensifying, murderous intent.

Chapter 357: The Internal Strife of the Wallaces

Lucas was the leader of the Falcon Regiment, while Stanley was a former captain of the Falcon Regiment's assault team. Although Stanley had already left the Falcon Regiment for years, and he hadn't served under Lucas's command, he would never allow anyone to harm Lucas!

The killer hurriedly said, "The Wallaces requested Henry Salve to send his apprentice to assassinate Mr. Gray, but he ended up getting killed by Mr. Gray instead. That's why Henry Salve was furious and sent us to kidnap Mr. Gray and then take him to the Wallaces to be at their disposal!"

When Stanley heard this, the murderous intent in his eyes intensified, and his gaze became extremely terrifying.

"In that case, is Henry Salve in the Wallaces' manor now?"

"Y-yes!"

"We're just following orders. We don't have any personal feud with Mr. Gray. Please... Ah!"

"Ah!"

...

In the dim corner, several shrieks filled the air one after another, but before long, silence returned.

Soon, Stanley and Wade composedly walked out of the corner and left as if nothing had happened.

At this time, Lucas just arrived back in the lake villa and heard a text message alert. He opened his phone and saw the text Stanley sent.

"Those killers were sent by Henry Salve, who works for the Kingstons, to avenge his dead apprentice. He's now in the Wallaces' manor. Do you want me to get rid of him?"

Lucas thought of the killer who had hidden in his bedroom today but was instead killed by him. With an icy cold gaze, he replied to Stanley with just one word: "Sure."

While Cheyenne and Charlotte were helping Amelia change out of her shoes downstairs, Lucas arrived at the door of the master bedroom upstairs.

The wooden door of the bedroom that had cracked after he kicked it open had already been replaced by a similar one. The new door looked almost identical to the previous one, so others generally wouldn't be able to tell that it was a different one from before.

He opened the bedroom door and saw that the corpse and bloodstains had already been cleaned up. Even the hole in the wall pierced by the dagger that Lucas had used to nail Nolan against the wall had been filled up, and the wall looked as good as new. There were no traces of the scuffle earlier at all.

After a careful inspection, a look of satisfaction appeared on his face, and he proceeded to fill the bathtub in the bathroom with water for Cheyenne and Amelia.

Lucas didn't intend to tell Cheyenne about what had happened with Nolan in the bedroom because he was worried that he might frighten her.

At this moment, in the Wallaces' manor...

According to family custom, all the people in the manor were dressed in black because the Wallaces were in mourning.

Liam's coffin was still in the hall, and he hadn't been buried yet.

Pierre, the head of the family, had already said that he would kill Lucas and offer his head to Liam!

Liam's funeral would continue for as long as Lucas wasn't caught, and the Wallaces would also remain in mourning until then.

They originally thought that with the help of Henry, an elite expert working for the Kingstons, they would be able to nab Lucas in no time and avenge Liam's death so that he could rest in peace.

But they never expected that the elite apprentice Henry had sent to assassinate Lucas would actually be killed by Lucas instead!

With a gloomy expression, Henry was sitting alone silently in the hall of a villa with his eyes fixed on the corpse of his favorite apprentice, Nolan.

He sat still for around three hours in the hall like a statue.

The Wallaces didn't dare to disturb him at all. After all, Henry had hurled the two bodyguards standing beside him against the marble statues and killed them in a fit of anger when he saw Nolan's corpse earlier.

Thus, no one dared to annoy him now.

In case Henry suddenly went crazy again, he wouldn't hesitate to kill any of the Wallaces, and the Wallaces wouldn't dare to hold him accountable even if he did.

Suddenly, eerie laughter resounded in the silent hall.

"Hahaha, my dear apprentice, I'll definitely avenge you. I'll break all the bones of that punk one by one and make him wail and feel like he's in a living hell! Finally, I will seal him in your coffin alive and nail it shut to bury him with you!"

Henry grimaced with an icy cold gaze that made him seem like a terrifying ghoul.

All of a sudden, he looked up at a clock hanging in the middle of the wall of the hall. It was already ten o'clock at night. Henry suddenly flew into a rage and smashed a vase on the coffee table in the center of the hall with all his might.

Bang!

The exquisite and beautiful vase instantly shattered into bits!

"Good-for-nothings. They're all a bunch of good-for-nothings! It's already been three hours, and they still haven't brought that bastard back here! Damn it! All of you deserve to die!"

Meanwhile, in another villa within the Wallaces' manor, all the Wallaces, including Pierre, were sitting with grave expressions on their faces.

They were also waiting for updates and for Henry's underlings to bring Lucas back.

But as time passed, the patience of the Wallaces gradually wore thin.

"Dad, do you think there's something wrong with Henry Salve? His apprentice was killed by Lucas Gray, yet all he's doing is throwing a tantrum in our place. Why doesn't he go take revenge on Lucas Gray himself? I doubt those killers he sent will be able to do anything!" Pierre's younger son, Darren Wallace, asked impatiently.

He was the one who had suggested that they join forces with the Kingstons and ask them to send an expert to deal with Lucas.

But he didn't know how powerful Henry was, though he knew that Henry loved putting on airs all the time.

Besides, he was clearly the one who had put forward the suggestion, yet Pierre sent his brother, Bryant, to host Henry instead. So Darren had been extremely displeased, feeling that his brother had taken all the credit from him again.

Pierre's face darkened, and he said sternly, "Shut up! You should never say such things again! If Henry Salve hears you, even I won't be able to protect you! Also, if you offend him and end up implicating the family, I won't spare you either!"

Pierre's stern words made Darren even more furious.

Darren sprung up and pointed at Bryant in exasperation. "How am I implicating the family? If Bryant's son, Liam, hadn't offended someone out there, he wouldn't have gotten killed, and we wouldn't have to deal with this mess now either!"

Chapter 358: Confronting the Wallaces

Darren had long disliked Bryant, whom Pierre favored and had decided to make the successor just because Bryant was a year older. Pierre put a lot of effort into grooming Bryant and spent a large part of the family's resources on him.

What about me? I'm so much wiser, smarter, and more competent than Bryant. But I have to give in to him all the time, and even Bryant's wastrel son bossed me around all the time.

Why?!

Darren had been feeling indignant for a long time.

Liam had gotten into trouble and dragged the entire family down with him, forcing them to clean up his mess. To make matters worse, Pierre even reprimanded him and told him not to implicate the Wallaces when he wasn't the one who had caused all this trouble!

Hearing Darren's furious rant, Bryant couldn't sit still anymore. He stood up and cursed at him, "Liam is my son, and now that he's been killed, I'm much more devastated than anyone else! Instead of thinking about how to avenge your nephew and restore the pride of the Wallaces, all you do is get funny ideas!"

"Is there anything wrong with what Dad said? What's the point of complaining and losing your temper? I went all the way to the Kingstons to hire Henry Salve to help us. Do you know how much time, effort, and energy I put into this?! I never once complained! If you're so indignant and dissatisfied, go find an elite expert yourself!"

After venting his anger, Bryant stared at Darren furiously to see what he had to say.

Boiling with fury, Darren naturally wanted to retort.

Smack!

Pierre slammed his hand against the table and barked in exasperation, "Bastards! Now's not the time for you two to get into an argument! So many of our family members are watching. Aren't you ashamed at all?!"

Pierre's words made them both fall silent in embarrassment.

"Darren, Liam is your nephew, and now that he's been killed, we're all grief-stricken. As his uncle, you shouldn't be saying such upsetting things," Pierre said to Darren.

Darren immediately argued, "Dad, that's not what I meant. I'm naturally upset about Liam's death! I'm just a little too anxious. After all, we still haven't received any updates from those underlings Henry Salve sent, and I was just getting impatient. That's why I wanted him to personally go out and nab Lucas Gray so that we can avenge Liam!"

Pierre nodded. "I know you're just worried, but what you just said could possibly cause trouble for the Wallaces. They were also very hurtful to your brother, so you must never say such things again!"

"You two are my only sons, and I hope that you can work together to bring the Wallaces glory!"

Then Pierre turned to Bryant. "Bryant, you're the older brother, so don't take to heart what Darren just said out of anxiousness, despite his words being harsh. Now, what we have to do is stand together to kill Lucas Gray and avenge Liam!"

Bryant said magnanimously with reddened eyes, "Dad, you're right. I will absolutely remember everything you say. After all, Darren is my younger brother. I won't hold it against him."

Seeing that his sons had made up with each other, Pierre smiled again and ignored the tacit exchange through the ambiguous gazes in their eyes when they made eye contact.

"Who's there?!"

Suddenly, an unusual clamor came from outside the villa entrance.

Immediately afterward, the loud and clear sounds of things falling came.

Their faces covered in shock and suspicion, the Wallaces in the hall immediately stood up one after another.

Pierre immediately stood up and bellowed at the door, "What's happening outside?"

Soon, a security guard walked over and said with a panicked expression, "Bad news! Mr. Wallace, a man suddenly barged in and headed straight to Henry Salve's villa. He even kicked the door of the villa open! We couldn't stop him!"

"What?!" Pierre's expression drastically changed while the other Wallaces were astounded too.

Henry was an elite expert the Kingstons had sent, and ordinary people couldn't get close to him. Besides, he was now a distinguished guest of the Wallaces and was in a foul mood because of his apprentice's death.

Which audacious person was so brazen that he charged into Henry's villa?

"Bastard, this is outrageous! How dare he barge into Henry's villa? He must be tired of living!" Pierre hollered in exasperation.

But since the matter occurred in the Wallaces' manor, they would have to take a look at the situation as the hosts and placate Henry at the same time.

In order to show their respect for Henry, the expert working for the Kingstons, the Wallaces had specifically arranged for Henry to stay in the villa beside Pierre's, which was in the middle of the manor.

As soon as Pierre led the Wallaces out of the villa, they saw an enormous hole because the thick alloy door had already gone missing, revealing the spacious hall within.

Henry was standing still with a gloomy expression, and there was blood flowing profusely out of a wound on his shiny bald head.

Everyone was astonished because Henry, who was strong, domineering, invincible, and unbeatable, had suffered an injury for the first time!

Sensing the terrifying aura exuding from Henry's body, all the Wallaces couldn't help shivering, and they involuntarily took a few steps back. The timid ones even had their hearts pound rapidly and their legs turn limp, almost losing their balance out of fear.

Everyone could tell that Henry was enraged, even livid!

But there was only one person facing Henry. He was standing still at the villa entrance with his back to the Wallaces.

He was tall, lanky, and exuding an overwhelming and formidable aura like a sharp sword!

Chapter 359: Secret Team

This man should be the one who had the audacity to kick open the door of Henry's villa.

"Who is this man?" Pierre frowned as he pondered while staring at the unfamiliar back of the person in front of him.

He didn't remember ever seeing such a person in the Wallaces' manor before.

Many of the Wallaces standing around Pierre, as well as the butler, spoke up. "Mr. Wallace, I don't think we've ever seen this person before!"

"Yes, I'm also sure this person has never appeared in our residence!"

"That's strange. Where did this person come from?"

...

After Pierre heard the unanimous denials of knowing this person, the gaze in his eyes became deeper.

"Who the hell are you? How dare you barge into the premises of the Wallaces without permission? How brazen of you!" Pierre immediately hollered at the man.

The most important thing to do now was naturally to express his stand and attitude in front of Henry to prove that this person who had the guts to offend Henry wasn't related to the Wallaces at all.

Otherwise, if Henry put the blame on the Wallaces, they would definitely be dead meat!

At this moment, Henry was standing in the middle of the hall in the villa, boiling with fury and anger that distorted his face.

He had been sitting on the couch in the hall, clenching his teeth and thinking about how he should torture Lucas to take revenge for his favorite apprentice.

He was so immersed in his feelings of hatred and resentment that he failed to keep his guard up.

The reason being was that he knew that he was in the Wallaces' manor, and they were all afraid of provoking him and thus didn't dare to approach him.

While he was deep in thought, the door of the villa was suddenly kicked open from the outside, catching him off guard and leaving him with no choice but to evade hurriedly. But he still ended up getting cut on his head by the metal door.

This was a great insult and humiliation to a top expert like him!

He glared at the man standing in front of the villa coldly with a menacing gaze, wishing he could rip this bastard into pieces!

But to Henry's astonishment, this man didn't have a single trace of fear on his face. Instead, he even made Henry feel an unfathomable sense of oppression that made his hair stand on end.

This is an extremely difficult person to deal with! With this thought, Henry became more vigilant.

But at this time, the old foggy Pierre was still babbling incessantly with the sole purpose of letting him know that the person in front of him wasn't related to the Wallaces.

It was completely unnecessary because if the Wallaces had such an incredible expert, they wouldn't have had to ask him for help.

The person standing at the entrance of the villa was naturally Stanley.

Staring at Henry standing in the villa, Stanley moved his fingers, and a sharp dagger spun between them in a fancy manner, looking just like an exquisite flower of light blooming in his hand.

He asked coldly, "Are you Henry Salve?"

Henry frowned. "Are you here for me? Who are you?"

"You don't need to care who I am. You just need to know that you're the person I'm looking for!" While speaking, Stanley walked toward the villa.

The Wallaces stood outside the villa, not daring to get too close, though they heard their conversation.

"It seems this person should be Henry's enemy. He barged into our manor today because he wants to deal with Henry! Thank God..." Darren hurriedly patted his chest and heaved a sigh of relief.

Although he didn't finish the rest of his sentence, all the Wallaces understood what he meant. Naturally, Darren was thankful to find out that this man wasn't after the Wallaces.

But Pierre wasn't that optimistic.

Henry was a top expert who worked for the Kingstons and whom the Wallaces had requested to help them, making him an honored guest of the Wallaces. Regardless of whether the man in front of them was Henry's enemy and here to take revenge, the Wallaces couldn't stay out of it completely.

Otherwise, if something unfortunate happened to Henry in the Wallaces' manor, the Kingstons would never let them off!

"Bryant, go inform the gunmen to come here immediately and get ready!" Pierre instructed his eldest son beside him.

The Wallaces were frightened and shocked.

The armed unit of the Wallaces was a squad of elite gunmen that the Wallaces had trained in private. Only very few Wallaces were aware of their existence.

But now that Pierre mentioned it in front of everyone, it meant that he was ready to expose the unit to them.

After a moment of hesitation, Bryant answered softly, "Dad, once we let the armed squad attack, this secret will no longer be a secret. I'm afraid it will bring some trouble to the Wallaces. Think about what happened to the Hales previously..."

Previously at the baby shower of Connor Hale's son, the entire gunmen squad of the Hale family was suddenly arrested and taken away by a military team together with the Hales. Of course, the Hales returned soon after. But the Wallaces didn't know what happened.

At the time, the Wallaces and the Hales had a conflict, so they didn't send anyone to attend the party. They naturally didn't witness the incident with their own eyes and had merely heard a little about it from others. After all, all the people present had been given a gag order, so they didn't dare to tell others about it in detail.

But they were certain that the Hales had gotten into trouble because they had exposed their gunmen squad.

Bryant was afraid that the Wallaces would also follow in the footsteps of the Hales.

Pierre only hesitated for a moment before saying decisively, "What we heard about the Hales are only rumors. Look, aren't they all still alive and well now? Just do what I tell you to!"

When Bryant saw how insistent his father was, he naturally didn't dare to say anything else. Besides, Darren was standing right next to them. He knew that Darren would take the initiative to bring the squad over as long as he tried to dissuade Pierre any further.

Although Pierre already made up his mind, he still wasn't relaxed. After all, Bryant's concerns were not uncalled for.

But he didn't have another choice now because he definitely couldn't allow Henry to get hurt in the Wallaces' manor. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to afford to incur the wrath of the Kingstons.

As Stanley got closer and closer, Henry could feel the invisible oppression intensifying. It had been a long time since he felt the fear of facing a great enemy.

At this moment, Henry finally got a clear glimpse of Stanley's face, and a name popped up in his mind at the speed of lightning. "You... Are you Stanley Ray?!"

Henry shouted in horror with shock written all over his face.

Stanley was a top expert who used to work for the Brookes in LA, making him among the most elite experts in LA.

With his protection, the Brookes had managed to defeat numerous enemies within just a few short years and became a top family in LA that no one dared to belittle.

Stanley could be considered an important figure who played the most critical role and deserved the greatest credit.

The senior members of the Kingstons once thought of poaching the top expert Stanley to work for them. But regardless of the generous conditions they offered, Stanley never agreed.

This was also how Henry had learned of Stanley's existence.

But the two of them shouldn't have crossed paths before.

"Stanley Ray, I don't seem to have offended you. Why did you suddenly show up here?" Henry asked in displeasure with a frown.

He really couldn't figure out why Stanley suddenly came for him with a dagger.

Although Henry had not personally experienced Stanley's terrifying strength, he had often heard about it and naturally didn't want to go toe-to-toe against him, lest the altercation went beyond redemption.

Stanley sneered. "You haven't offended me prior to tonight, but you should remember that you sent more than ten underlings out to carry out a task tonight, right?"

"The subordinates I sent?" Henry was stunned for a moment before continuing with a look of bewilderment, "I didn't send them to attack you but..."

But halfway through his sentence, he immediately realized what was going on. "It turns out you were sent by Lucas Gray!"

Henry's eyes were soon full of anger. "How are my subordinates now?!"

Stanley sneered. "What do you think could have happened? Naturally, I killed all of them."

He said this so casually that even his expression didn't change.

But Henry was about to lose his temper!

Although not all the experts under him were his apprentices, he had put in a lot of effort to train them. Just now, he was still waiting for good news from them because he thought that they would bring Lucas back. But they had all been killed by Stanley!

"Bastard, how dare you kill my subordinates?!" Henry hollered furiously with bloodshot eyes, seemingly wanting to devour Stanley.

But Stanley stood still and said indifferently, "Anyone who dares to attack Mr. Gray is my enemy and naturally has to die!"

He looked up and glared at Henry with a sharp gaze. "The same goes for you!"

"You're just boasting!"

Stanley's nonchalant attitude and lack of fear toward Henry had completely provoked him.

Henry roared furiously and charged at Stanley.

Although Stanley was an esteemed top expert, Henry wasn't much inferior to him. In fact, Henry was confident that he might not necessarily be weaker than Stanley! *What right does Stanley Ray have to belittle me?!*

With a bloodthirsty and hostile gaze in his eyes, Stanley snorted coldly.

As the once most menacing killer of the Brookes, Stanley had killed countless experts over the years. And until he met Jordan, he had never lost before!

Even though Henry was an expert working for the Kingstons, he was still worlds apart from the elites of the Falcon Regiment such as Stanley!

The sharp dagger in Stanley's hand glistened as he swung in an arc and charged forward to attack Henry!

The distance between them was three meters apart, but they collided almost instantly before crossing each other again!

The instant their figures met, an extremely subtle sound filled the air.

It seemed to be the sound of flesh being cut open or like the sound of air passing through the opening of a punctured balloon.

After passing each other, Stanley soon came to a halt and stood still on the spot like a sharp sword, just like before.

On the other hand, Henry failed to regain his balance and stumbled forward several meters due to the strong inertia. He then staggered and fell to the ground as if he was in a drunken stupor.

And after collapsing, he never got up again.

His eyes were still wide open, but they soon lost their glow as bright red blood quickly flowed out, forming a large pool of blood under his neck, seeping into the carpet. His entire body was now soaked in the blood that was gradually cooling down.

The last droplet of blood slowly trickled down the dagger in Stanley's hand.

It was dead silent.

There was nothing but silence!

The Wallaces were all standing dumbfounded outside the villa, looking at the jaw-dropping scene in front of them in disbelief.

Henry Salve, the powerful expert who worked for the Kingstons, died just like that!

What killed him was a fatal dagger slash by the lanky middle-aged man in front of them!

Moreover, all it took was a single move to kill Henry as soon as their bodies touched!

How was this possible?!

No one could believe it!

If he could kill Henry with a single move, how powerful and terrifying must his abilities be?

No one dared to imagine it because the mere thought of it was so frightening that it made them feel as though their hearts were about to fall out of their chests.

Stanley turned the dagger in his hand and shook off the last bit of blood remaining on it. Then he turned around to look at the Wallaces, who were dumbstruck and rooted to the ground at the entrance of the villa.

“Those who dare to provoke him will suffer a miserable fate!” After saying this coldly, he walked toward the entrance.

But when he was a few meters away from the entrance, Pierre snapped back to his senses as though he had just woken up from a dream and yelled, “Gunmen, get ready!”

With his order, the dozen or so gunmen who had just hurriedly assembled immediately raised their pistols and aimed them at Stanley’s head.

Stanley stopped in his tracks and turned around to glare at Pierre hostilely. “This isn’t the first time in my life that I’ve been held at gunpoint by so many gunmen, yet I’m still alive and kicking today. Do you have any idea why?”

Pierre’s face twitched violently.

Stanley said, “Because those who’ve had the guts to threaten me with a gun were all killed by me!”

As Stanley said this, Pierre instantly felt engulfed by an incredibly terrifying aura. It was as if there was a sharp dagger being pointed right at him. His pores tightened, and his hair stood on end! *This man is horrifying!*

Although Stanley was standing several meters away from Pierre, the murderous aura he was exuding seemed to be right in front of Pierre, instantly making him find it almost impossible to breathe!

Chapter 361: Already Settled

This was the second time that Stanley faced this situation. The last time was when the Brookes forced him to make a choice by holding him at gunpoint at their mansion in LA.

In fact, Stanley couldn’t guarantee that he could retreat safely from the storm of bullets. According to the experience and knowledge he had gained over the years, Lucas was the only one who could easily dodge bullets fired simultaneously by multiple gunmen. Stanley could hardly imagine just how terrifying Lucas’s strength was.

Thus, he just said those words to deter the Wallaces from shooting.

The expression on Pierre's face changed rapidly, and Stanley could tell that he was having an extremely complicated mental battle.

From his point of view, he certainly didn't want the Wallaces to gain such a powerful enemy.

Even the formidable Henry had been killed by a fatal slash to his throat. How could ordinary people like them be able to resist or even retaliate against such a terrifying and murderous figure?

However, Henry was a guest they invited from the Kingstons, yet he suddenly died in the Wallaces' manor. If the Wallaces chose not to do anything about it and just let the murderer leave scot-free, they would definitely have to face the Kingstons' wrath!

If the Kingstons became enraged, it would no longer be something the Wallaces can solve easily. The entire family might even perish!

The gaze in Pierre's eyes changed, but in the end, he gritted his teeth and said, "No, you can't leave!"

Stanley's eyes were quickly full of murderous intent. "In that case, you're choosing to become my enemy, huh?"

He moved his fingers, and the dagger he just used to kill Henry began to rotate at his fingertips again while flickering with an icy cold light.

At the same time, Stanley scanned his surroundings quickly to plan his next move.

Looking at the sharp dagger on Stanley's fingertips, many of the Wallaces seemed terrified. The scene of Henry having his throat slit was way too gruesome and shocking, so much so that they couldn't forget it at all.

Pierre once again seemed to be conflicted, but he soon suppressed his feelings of hesitation and said resolutely, "You killed Henry Salve, who worked for the Kingstons. I can't let you go just like that! We won't just kill you. We only want to keep you behind and take you to the Kingstons so that you can explain to them yourself!"

Stanley sneered. "You want to keep me behind? Let's see if you have what it takes! But you better think this through carefully. Once you decide to open fire, it means you've chosen to become my enemy, and I will absolutely not show you any mercy!"

"This dagger I'm holding will definitely pierce through your throats when you shoot! You'd better think carefully about what exactly you want to do!"

The dagger in his hand flashed with cold glints of light as he waved it through the air.

Pierre immediately felt an extremely cold sensation on his neck, as if Stanley had already placed the dagger against his throat.

He was stuck in a tough dilemma. As the helmsman of the family, his decision concerned his own life, as well as those of the entire Wallace family. So he had no choice but to consider carefully before making a decision.

At this moment, Darren inched close to Pierre and said eagerly, "Dad, you can't let him off! Otherwise, the Kingstons will definitely hold us responsible. When the time comes, none of us will be able to escape!

"I don't believe that there's really someone in this world who isn't afraid of getting shot by guns! He must be lying and boasting just to scare us. Any one of us here can fire several bullets through his body! Even if we can't kill on the spot, he will definitely sustain injuries. Even if he can fly, he won't be able to escape our premises!

"I don't believe that he can really hurt you! There are so many bodyguards in front of you to protect you. No matter what, he can't do anything to you!"

Pierre quickly thought about his words and nodded lightly. But at this moment, Stanley suddenly stomped his foot against the ground and began moving!

"Shoot!" Pierre immediately yelled, his heart skipping a beat.

But humans are not machines after all. From the moment they received Pierre's command to the time they pulled the trigger, only a split second passed.

But in this split second, Stanley had already darted past them and vanished without a trace.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

...

A series of gunshots that sounded like firecrackers filled the air, but none of the bullets hit anything.

During this very short period of time, Stanley didn't retreat and instead charged straight toward Henry's villa.

He had already observed the terrain outside and the layout of the houses. Because they were at the entrance of the villa, there was plenty of space and very few obstructions. The object nearest to him that could provide cover was the large marble statue more than ten meters away.

So the villa, which was only a few meters away from him, was the best choice.

After dodging into the villa extremely quickly to evade the bullets, Stanley ducked into the corner of the wall where the bullets wouldn't be able to reach him.

Pierre knew they were in trouble and hurriedly roared in exasperation, "Chase after him!"

The gunmen immediately acknowledged the order and dashed into the villa with their pistols in hand. Then they fired several shots in a row at the corner that Stanley was hiding in.

But Stanley obviously wouldn't stay in place. He was a former leader of the assault team of the Falcon Regiment and an expert in assassination and quick escapes. He had long moved away from his initial spot, causing the gunmen to miss again.

"Quick! Find him immediately. You must seize him no matter what. I want him dead or alive!" Pierre hollered furiously at the top of his lungs.

If they couldn't find Stanley and kill him immediately, none of the Wallaces would be able to fight back against him, given how Stanley had been able to kill the formidable Henry.

The thought of having such a terrifying enemy that could kill them at any time made Pierre turn pale and break out in a cold sweat.

But after searching the villa and even the entire Wallace estate, they still couldn't find Stanley, which was frustrating and to their dismay.

Stanley had escaped!

...

Lucas, who had just bathed Amelia, received a short text message on his phone. There were only four words—"It has been settled."

Chapter 362: A Sleepless Night

After taking a glance at his phone, Lucas put it away.

The outcome was within his expectations. If a former leader of the Falcon Regiment's assault team couldn't even deal with a lackey of the Kingstons, he would seriously wonder if Stanley had been slacking off all these years.

Knock-knock.

Someone suddenly knocked on the door of the room. Lucas walked over, opened it, and saw Charlotte standing there.

"Lucas, I'm not disturbing your rest, am I?" Charlotte asked.

Lucas smiled. "No, what's the matter?"

Charlotte then waved at Amelia, who was rolling around on the bed, all clean and fresh after a bath. She chuckled. "Amelia, do you want to hear the background story of Mulan? If you do, come sleep with me tonight!"

"I do!" Amelia immediately got up from the bed and ran to the door with her little pillow in her arms.

After watching the Mulan movie today, Amelia kept asking Charlotte about the background story. Now that Charlotte offered to tell her about it, she leaped up gleefully right away.

Cheyenne was about to say something, but Charlotte quickly pulled Amelia out of the room and even winked at them smugly. "I've brought the little gooseberry away for you two. You'd better work hard and strive to give Amelia a younger sibling soon!"

With that, she hurriedly left with Amelia before Cheyenne and Lucas could say anything.

"..." Lucas was speechless. *This sister-in-law of mine is quite... sensible!*

Lucas couldn't help smiling. He sneaked a glance at Cheyenne and noticed that she was blushing. Even her ears had turned red. She looked extremely shy and adorable.

Sensing Lucas's gaze, Cheyenne glared at him, but there was no aggression in her eyes. Instead, she even seemed to be pouting coyly and timidly.

She didn't show any intention of bringing Amelia back and simply said, "I-I-I'm going to take a bath now!" Then she hurriedly dashed to the bathroom.

Lucas was rather surprised, but he was soon overjoyed.

This meant that Cheyenne was willing to...

Lucas's heart began beating rapidly, and he even felt a rare sense of nervousness.

But at the same time, he also felt elated and got the butterflies, causing him to be at a loss for what to do.

During the two-hour date with Cheyenne earlier, their relationship had already improved by leaps and bounds.

But Lucas didn't have any experience in some things. Even if he was the esteemed captain of the Falcon Regiment, who was known for his brutal and invincible combat abilities, he was really a newbie when it came to relationships.

While Lucas was feeling nervous, Cheyenne, who was sitting in the bathroom, was also so nervous that her heart began to pound quickly.

Sitting in the bathtub, she hugged her knees, and various scenes appeared in her mind.

Without exception, they were all scenes of Lucas helping her, comforting her, protecting her, and speaking to her gently.

In fact, Cheyenne knew that she had unknowingly fallen in love with Lucas.

Just a few months ago, Lucas had proposed to her in the flowerbed garden of the roof of the Intercontinental Hotel, but she had turned him down at that time. But he said that he hoped that she could give him a chance to truly fall in love with him.

Now, she had indeed fallen in love with Lucas and wanted to see him every day.

So they should genuinely become a married couple now!

And a real couple...

Cheyenne seemed to think of something. Her face turned even redder, and she quickly buried her face in the warm bathtub.

"Ahhh! What the hell am I thinking about?! This is so embarrassing!"

...

When Cheyenne finally came out of the bathroom, she was wearing a thin and lightweight silk nightdress.

Her smooth and fair shoulders were exposed, and so were her calves because the hem of the nightdress ended at her knees. The nightdress was hugging her body, accentuating her beautiful and svelte figure.

In fact, Cheyenne had already worn this nightdress once.

At the time, Lucas had just brought William, who had turned over a new leaf, home. Cheyenne was so grateful to Lucas in her heart that she decided to dedicate herself to him and take the final step to consummate their marriage. Unfortunately, she dozed off unknowingly, and being the gentleman he was, Lucas didn't do anything to her.

But today...

Lucas glanced at Cheyenne with fire in his eyes.

While Cheyenne was getting shy and embarrassed from the way he was staring at her, she also felt proud and gleeful.

"Ahem!" Cheyenne coughed twice softly. Seeing that Lucas was still staring at her, she chided, "What are you still standing there for? Hurry up and go take a shower."

Then Cheyenne's face became even redder.

"Oh... okay! I'll get to it immediately!"

Lucas returned to his senses, but he actually seemed a little flustered, which was rare for him. He then hurriedly dashed into the bathroom.

In the bathroom, there was still a lot of steam in the air and the lingering scent of body wash from Cheyenne's bath.

Feeling his body getting warmer, Lucas turned the faucet on and turned it to cold water. Only then did some of the heat get washed away.

But when he thought about what might happen soon, he felt that no matter how much cold water he rinsed himself with, it wouldn't be of any use.

After he prepared himself mentally and stepped out of the bathroom nervously with some anticipation, he saw a scene that made his raging hormones calm down immediately.

Amelia, whom Charlotte had just taken out of the room, was lying on the large bed in their room with her arms wrapped around Cheyenne's neck. She shouted at him with a

pure and innocent smile, "Daddy, you've finally finished taking a bath! Quick, come here and tell Mommy and me a story~"

"..." Lucas couldn't describe his mood at this moment.

But there was nothing he could do because Amelia was his precious daughter, so of course he had to pamper her!

Caught between laughter and tears, Lucas walked over and knocked his finger very gently against Amelia's round head. "Haven't you heard enough stories from Aunt Charlotte?"

"No, I want to hear another one from Daddy!" Amelia said coquettishly.

Cheyenne blushed a little and whispered in Lucas's ear, "I don't know why she came back all of a sudden..."

Lucas looked really aggrieved, but all he could do was say helplessly, "Well then... let's go to bed early!"

...

It was destined to be a sleepless night.